And they that sought me/spake euyll to me: and
nites and deceytes they imagyned all daye.
But I/as one beyng deaf/dyd not heare: and as
one that were dombe/not openyng my mouth.
And I was made as a mā not hearyng: and hae-
uyng no counterchekes in his mouthe.
For in the lorde haue I trusted: thou wylte hea-
re me my lorde god.
For I haue sayde/lest any tyme myn enemyes
tryumphe vpō me/and whylst my fete slyde/they
spake great thynges agaynst me.
For I am prepared vnto the whyppes: and my
dolour is alwayes in my syght.
For I shall confesse myne vngodlynesse: & shall
take thought for my synne.
But myne enemyes lyue: & are made strong ouer
me: and they are multiplyed/whyche hated me
vniustly.
They that requyted euyll for good/detracted me
because I folowed goodnesse.
Forsake me not/o lorde my god/neyther depar-
te thou from me.
Intend toward my helpe: o lorde god my helth.
Glory be to the father/to the sone/and to the ho-
lye ghoste.
As it was in the begynnynge/as it is now and
euer shall be. So be it.
Miserere mei deus.

Haue mercy vpon me (o god) [illegible]
thy great mercy.
And according to the multytude of [illegible]

LB.4.8.82

Wypp away myn iniquite.
Yet washe me more frō myne iniquite: and clense me more from my synne.
For I knowledge myne iniquite: and my synne is euer before myne eyes.
Agaynst the onely haue I synned/and done euyll I thy syght: that thou mayste be iustifyed in thy wordes/and mayst vaynquysshe whē thou hast iudged.
Lo I was begotten in wyckednesse/and my mother conceyued me in synne.
Lo thou hast loued trueth/the vnknowen and secrete thynges of thy wysdome hast thou reueled vnto me.
Sprynkle me lorde with ysope/and so shall I be clēne/thou shalt washe me/and then shal I be whyter then snowe.
Vnto my hearynge shalt thou gyue ioye & gladnesse: and my broken bones shal be refreshed.
Tourne thy face frō my synnes: and wype away all my wyckednesse.
A pure herte create in me (oh god) & an vp ryght spyryte renewe within me.
Cast me not away from thy face: and thyne holy spyryte take not from me.
Make me agayn to reioyse in thy sauyng helth & strengthen me with a pryncypal spyryte.
I wyll enstruct the wycked I thy wayes: and the vngodly shall be conuerted vnto the.
Deliuer me from bloudes (oh god) the god of my helthe: my tōge shal exalte thy ryghtwysenesse

Open thou my lyppes/& my mouthe shall pronounce thy prayse.

For yt thou haddest delyted sacrifices/I hadde surely gyuen it/but thou delytest not in burnt offrynges.

A sacrifyce to god is a lowly spirit:a contrite & an humble herte dispyse not(o god)

Do wele gētly of thy fauourable benenolēce with Syon:that the walles of Hierusalē may be buylte agayne.

Then shalt thou accept the sacrifyce of ryghtwysenesse:oblacyons and burnte offerynges/then shall they lay calues vpon thyne altare.

Glory be to the father/to the sone/and to the holy ghoste.

As it was in the begynnynge/as it is now and euer shall be.So be it.

Domine exaudi orationē meā. The.ci.psalme.

Here my prayer:and let my clamoure come vnto the.

Tourne not thy face from me:whē soeuer I am troubled/bowe thyne eare vnto me.

In what soeuer day that I am troubled/heare me quyckely.

For my dayes haue vanysshed as smoke:& my bones ware drye as a fyrebrande.

I am stryken and my hert wythered lyke hay:by cause I forgat to eate my breade.

With the voyce of my mournynge:my boone hath clouen to the flesshe.

I am made lyke vnto a pellycan of wylderne-

and am made lyke the nyght rauyn in an house.
I haue waked: and am made lyke a sparowe solytary in the roufe of an house.
All daye dyd myne enemyes rayle vpon me: and they that prayled me/conspyred agaynst me.
For I dyd eate asshes as breade: and myngled my drynke with weepynge.
In regarde of thy wrathe and indygnacyon: for thou takynge me vp dyddest cast me agaynst the grounde.
My dayes haue faded as a shadow: and I haue wythered lyke haye.
But thou lorde abydest for euer/and thy memoryal is from one generacyon vnto another.
Thou lorde arysynge shalt haue mercy of Syon for it is tyme to haue mercy on it/for the tyme cometh
For the stones therof haue pleased thy seruauntes: & they shall haue ruethon the grouide therof.
And the people shall feare thy name/o lorde: & all kynges of the earth thy glorye.
For the lorde hath buylded Syon: and shall be seene in his glorye.
He hath regarded the speache of the humble & hath not dispyred theyr prayer.
Let these thynges be wryten in another generacyon: and the people that shall be created shall prayse the lorde.
For he hathe loked downe from his hyghe holy place: the lorde hathe loked downe from heuyn vnto the earthe.
For to heare the waylyng of them that be fette:

redēpcon to lose the sones of them that were slayne
That they shulde in Syon declare the name of
the lorde and his prayse in Hierusalem.
In assemblynge of people togyther: and kynges
for to serue the lorde.
He answered hi in the way of his vertue: shewe
vnto me the shortnes of my dayes.
Call me not backe in the myddes of my dayes:
in to the euerlastynges of thy yere.
Aforn the begynnynge thou lorde haste layde the
foundacyon of the earthe: & the workes of thyne
handes are the heuyns.
They shal perysshe/but thou abydest: and shal
all waxe olde as a garment.
And as a couerynge thou shalte chaunge them
and they shal be chaūged: but thou arte one and
the same: and thy yeres shall not fayle.
The sones of thy seruauntes shall dwel togyther
and theyr seede shal be directed for euer.
De profundis clamaui. The .xrix. .ps. psalme.
Out of the deepe places/haue I called vnto
the (o lorde) lorde heare my voyce.
Let thyne eares be intentyfe to the voyce of my
prayer.
If thou lorde wylte loke so straytly vpō synners
o lorde who shall abyde it.
But there is mercy with the/and because of thy
lawe/haue I abyden the/o lorde.
My soule hath abyden in his worde: my soule
hath trusted in the lorde.
From the mornyng watche vnto nyght: let Is

rael truste in the lorde.

For with the lorde there is mercy: and his redē-
pcion is plentyous.

And he shall redeme Israel/ for all the iniqui-
ties of it.

Glory be to the father/ to the sone/ and to the ho
ly ghoste.

As it was in the begynnynge/ as it is now/ and
euer shall be. So be it.

The .xlii. psalme.

Lorde heare my prayer: with thyne eares
perceyue my delyre/ for thy truethes sake
heare me for thy ryghteousnesse.

And entre not in to iudgemēt with thy seruaūt:
for euery persone lyuynge shall not be iustifyed
in thy syght.

For an enemy hath pursued my soule: hathe
brought lowe my lyfe in earth.

He hath set me in darkenes/ as the deade mē of
the worlde: and my spyryte was vexed/ my herte
troubled within me.

I haue ben myndeful of olde dayes/ I haue stu-
dyed vpō all thy workes/ and in the dedes of thy
handes I muſed.

I haue stretched forth myn handes vnto the: my
soule vnto the/ as earth without water.

Hastily heare me: o lorde my spirit hath fayled me
Turne not thy face frō me: leaſt I belyke to men
lyftedynge in to a pyt.

Cause thy mercy to be herde of me betymes: for
in the haue I trusted.

Shewe me the way wherin I may walke: for vnto the haue I lyft vp my mynde.
O elyuer me from myn enemyes lorde/vnto the haue I fled: teache me to do thy wyll/for thou art my god.
Thy good spiryte shall conduyte me in to the lande of ryghteousnes: for thy names sake lord thou shalt reuyue me thorough thyn equite.
Thou shalt bringe my soule from trouble: and thorough thy mercy destroy all myn enemyes.
And thou shalte destroye all that moleste my soule: for I am thy seruaunt.
Glory be to the father/to the sone/and to the holy ghoste.
As it was in the begynnynge/as it is now and euer shall be. So be it.
The Antheme. Remembre not/o lorde/the faultes eyther of vs/or of our parentes/neyther take thou vengeaunce on our synnes. Spare (o lorde) spare thy people whiche thou hast redemed wt thy precyous bloude. Be neuermore angry with vs.
Here after folowith the .xv. Psalmes.
Ad dñm cum tribularer. The .cxix. Psalme.
I Cryed vnto the lorde when I was in trouble: and he herde me.
O lorde delyuer my soule frō lyenge lyppes: and a deceytfull tonge.
What may be gyuen the: or what may be layde agaynst the: to a deceytfull tonge.
The sharpe arowes of the myghtye/with hotte sparkelynge coles.

Wo is me for my restynge place is prolonged:
I haue dwelled with the inhabytātes of Cedar:
my soule was longe in exyle.
I was peasyble with the that hated peace: whē
I spake vnto them / they assaulted me causeles.
Glory be to the father/to the sone/and to the ho-
ly ghoste.
As it was in the begynnynge / as it is now and
euer shall be. So be it.
Leuaui oculos meos. The.cxx.psalme.
I Lyfted vp myne eyes in to the hylles: from
whense helpe shall come vnto me.
My helpe commeth from the lorde/that made he
uyn and earth.
He shal not suffre thy foote to slyppe: neyther
shall he that kepeth the/fall in to a slombre.
Lo he shall neyther fall a slepe nor slombre: whi
che kepeth Israel.
The lorde kepeth the: the lorde is thy defēce: mo
re then thy ryght hande.
The sonne shall not burne the by day: nor the
moone by nyght.
The lorde kepeth the from all euyll: the lorde
kepeth vayn thy soule.
The lorde kepeth thy goynge in and goynge out:
from this tyme forth and euermore.
Glory be to the father/to the sone/and to the ho-
ly ghoste.
As it was in the begynnynge/as it is now and
euer shall be. So be it.
Lætatus sum. The.cxxi.psalme.

the lorde.

The lorde of Syon blysse the: & that thou mayst se the goodes of Hierusalē al the days of thy lyfe And that thou mayst se the chyldren of thy chyldren and peace vpon Israel.

Glory be to the father/to the sone/and to the holy ghoste.

As it was in the begynnynge/as it is now and euer shall be. So be it.

Sepe expugnauerunt. The.cxxviii.Psalme.

Oftones haue they assayled me: euyn from my youth/let Israel now tell it.

Oftones haue they assayled me/euyn from my youth/and yet coulde they not ouercome me.

Upon my backe haue synners buylded/they haue prolonged theyr wyckednes.

The ryghtuous lord shall cut a sōder the neckes of synners: let all be confounded & turned backe that hate Syon.

Let them be made as the thatche of houses: that dyd wyther before it was plucked vp.

Wherof he that shall mowe hathe not filled his hande/nor he y shall gather gleanes his bosome.

And they that passed by/sayde not: the blessynge of the lorde lyght vpon you: we do blesse you in the name of the lorde.

Glory be to the father/to the sone/and to the holy ghoste.

As it was in the begynnynge/as it is now and euer shall be. So be it.

De profundis clamaui. The.cxxix.Psalme.

Out of the deepe places/haue I called vnto the(o lorde)lorde heare my voyce.

Let thyne eares be intentyfe to the voyce of my prayer.

If thou lorde wylte loke so straytly vpō synners o lorde who shall abyde it.

But there is mercy with the/and because of thy lawe/haue I abyden the/o lorde.

My soule hath abydē his worde:my soule hath trusted in the lorde.

From the morninge watche vnto nyght:let Israel truste in the lorde.

For with the lorde there is mercy:and his redēpcyon is plenteous.

And he shal redeme Israel/for all the iniquities of it.

Glory be to the father/to ȳ sone/& to ȳ holy ghost As it was in the begynninge/as it is now. &c.

Domine non est exaltatum. The.cxxx.psalme.

Lorde my herte is not exalted: neyther is myne eyes set a lofte.

Neyther haue I walked in great thynges:ne in mervayles aboue me.

If I dyd not thynke meekely: but haue exalted my soule.

As a weanlynge is from his mother so: let my soule be rewarded.

Let Israel truste i the lorde frō this tyme forthe and euermore.

Glory be to the father.&c. As it was in the.&c.

Memento domine Dauid. The.cxxxi.psalme.

LOrde haue myndе of Dauid: and of all his mekenes.

As he hathe swoꝛne to the loꝛde: hathe made a bowe to the loꝛde of Jacob.

I f Jchal entre in to the tabernacle of my hous: yf Jchall aſcende in to the bedde where Jlye.

I f Jchall gyue ſlepe vnto myne eyes: and ſlom-berynge vnto myne eye lyddes.

And reſt vnto the temples of myne heade / vn-tyll Jfynde a place foꝛ the loꝛde: a tabernacle foꝛ the god of Jacob.

Lo we haue herde her in Effrata: we founde her in the feldes of wood.

We ſhall entre i to his tabernacle: we ſhall woꝛ-ſhyp in the place wyere his feete ſtode.

Aryſe loꝛde in to thy reſte: thou and the Arke of thy ſanctifycacyon.

Let te thy ſeruaſites do on iuſtyce: and thy ſayn-tes reioyſe.

Foꝛ thy ſeruaſt dauides ſake: tourne not backe the face of thyne anoynted.

The loꝛde hath ſwoꝛne truerh vnto Dauid / and ſhall not deceyue hym of the fruyte of thy belly ſhall Jſet one vpon the ſeate.

I f thy chyldꝛen wyll kepe me teſtamente: & my te ſtimonyes / thoſe that Jſhall teache them.

And theyꝛ ſones woꝛlde without ende: ſhall ſyt vpon thy ſeate.

Foꝛ the loꝛde hathe choſen Syon: he hathe cho-ſen it foꝛ his dwellynge place.

This is my reſtynge place foꝛ euermoꝛe: here

shal I dwel/for I haue chosen it with blessyng
The wydowe of it I shall blysse: the pore people
of it I shall fulfyll with breade.
I shal compas the preestes therof with helth: &
the sayntes therof shal triumphe with gladnes.
There shall I bringe the horne of Dauid: I
haue prepared a lanterne for myne anoynted.
The enemyes of hym I shal compas with con-
fusyon: vpon hym surely shall my sanctifycacyon
florysshe.
Glory be to the father/to the sone/and to the ho
ly ghoste.
As it was in the begynnynge/as it is now and
euer shall be. So be it.

Ecce quam bonum. The.cxxxiij.Psalme.

Beholde how good and pleasaunt it is for
brethren to dwell togyther.
Lyke as oyntment in the head/that discendeth
in to the berde/euyn the berde of Aaron.
Wyche discendeth in to the skyrte of hys gar-
men: as the dewe of Hermon: that discendeth in
to the mount Syon.
For there hath the lorde promysed blessynge: &
lyfe worlde without ende.
Glory be to the father/to the sone/and to the ho
ly ghoste.
As it was in the begynnynge/as it is now and
euer shall be. So be it.

Ecce nunc benedicite dñm. The.cxxxiij.Psalme.

Lo nowe blesse ye the lorde all the seruan-
tes of the lorde.

Wyche stande in the house of the lorde: in the courtes of our goddes house.

Lyfte vp your handes in the nyghtes vnto the holy places: and blysse the lorde.

The lorde of Syon blysse the: whiche made heuyn and earth.

Glory be to the father/to the sone/and to the holy ghoste.

As it was in the begynnynge/as it is now and euer shall be. So be it.

The Antheme. Remembre not/o lorde/the faultes eyther of vs/or of our parentes/neyther take thou vengeaunce on our synnes. Spare (o lorde) spare thy peple whiche thou hast redemed wt thy precyous blonde. Be neuermore angry with vs.

¶ The sygnifycacyon of this worde Letany.

Mamertus bysshoppe of Vienne: what tyme that a terryble earth quake fell in his prouynce (Leo the fyrst the beyng bysshop of Rome) caused the people to assemble and to go togyther in a longe araye/prayenge and callyng vpō god/ whiche thynge we now call processyon: bycause we vse in the same to procede or go forth. Wherof it came (that whē any greuous plage was eyther sent by god amonge the people/or any sodeyne cause of gladnesse chaunged/processyon hath alwayes ben vsed/somtyme to pacyfye goddes wrathe/and somtyme to thanke hym of his benefytes/for this cause Agapetus bysshoppe of Rome fyrst ordeyned that processis shulde be done euery Sondaye throughout the yere. And af-

tenth Gregory in the tyme of a comen pestylence
causyd more solempne ordre and syngyng to be
vsed there / & ordeyned this ferupce called (Letany)
whyche is a Greke worde / and almoche in En-
glyshe to say / as (supplycacyō or prayer) wherof
it hath taken his name: because that in our gene
rall processyons and rogacion dayes / prayer and
supplycacyon is made vnto god for the people:
for all estates / accordynge to the counsayl of sayn
Paule. 1. Timoth. ij. and dyuers other examples
of scripture.

Here foloweth the Letany.

LOrde haue mercy on vs.
Christe haue mercy on vs
Lorde haue mercy on vs.
Christe heare vs
God father of heuen / haue mercy on vs.
God sonne / redemer of the worlde / haue mercy
God the holy ghoste / haue mercy on vs.
Holy Trynite one god / haue mercy on vs.

| | |
|---|---|
| Saynt Mary | praye for vs |
| Holy mother of god | praye for vs |
| Holy mayde of maydens | praye for vs |
| Saynt Mychell | praye for vs |
| Saynt Gabryel | praye for vs |
| Saynt Raphael | praye for vs |
| All holy angels and archangels | praye for vs |
| All ordres of holy spirites | praye for vs |
| Saynt Iohan Baptyst | praye for vs |
| All holy patriarches & prophetes | praye for vs |

That thou vouchsaufe the obsequy of our seruice to be reasonable. we pray the to heare vs.
That thou do plucke vp our myndes vnto heauenly desyres. we pray the to heare vs.
That thou vouchsaufe to beholde and releue the mysery of the poore and the captyue. we pray.
That thou gyue euerlastynge rest to all that beleue in the bothe quycke and dead. we pray the.
That thou vouchsaufe to heare vs.
Sone of god. we praye the to heare vs.
Sone of god. we praye the to heare vs.
Sone of god. we praye the to heare vs.
Lambe of god that takest awaye the synne of the worlde. Heare vs lorde.
Lambe of god that takest awaye the synne of the worlde. Spare vs lorde.
Lambe of god that takest awaye the synne of the worlde. Haue mercy on vs.
Lorde haue mercy on vs.
Christe haue mercy on vs.
Lorde haue mercy on vs.
Our father. And leade vs not.
But delyuer vs from all euyll. The verse.
Lorde shewe vs thy mercy. The answere.
And gyue vs thy sauynge healthe. The verse.
And let thy mercy come vpon vs. The answere.
Thy sauyng helthe accordynge to thy promyse.
The verse. Wee haue offended with our forefathers. The answere. We haue done wronge and committed iniquyte. The verse. Lorde do not vs vs accordynge to our synnes. The answere

Neyther rewarde thou vs after our vngodlinesse The verse. Lorde let vs praye for euery degree of the hyerche. The answere. Let thy preestes be on iustyce: and let thy sayntes reioyce. The verse. For our brothers and systers. The answere. Saue (O god) thy seruauntes bothe men & wome/ that trust in the. The verse. Let vs praye for all christē people. Answere. Lorde saue thy people/ & blysse thyn heritage/ & rule thē & exalte them euer more & more. Lorde sende peace thrōugh thy ver tue. Answere. And great habundāce in euery place. The soules of all thy seruauntes/ bothe me and women may rest in peace. The verse. Lorde hea re my prayer. The answere. And gyue hearynge to my clamour. ¶ For remyssyon of synnes.

GOd/ to whome it is appropried to be mercy- full euer and to spare/ take our prayer & let thy mercyfull pyte assoyle thens that are bounde with the chayne of synnes. By Christ our lorde. So be it. ¶ For the Churche.

ALmyghtye eternall God/ whiche alone doeste great wonders: graunt vnto thy ser uauntes the bysshops/ and to all congregacyons committed vnto them/ the spirite of grace. And to the ende that they may please the powre on them the perpetuall dewe of thy benedicyon. By Christe our lorde. ¶ For charyte.

O God whiche doest infunde the gyftes of cha- rite/ to the hertes of the faythfull thrōugh the grace of the holy ghoste/ graunt vnto thy ser uauntes/ both men and women (for whome we

pray vnto thy mercy) helth of body & soule/that they may loue the with all their power/and perfourme with all loue the thynges that be pleasynge to the. By Chryste our lorde.

¶ For peace.

O God from whome all holy desyres/all good counselles/and all iuste workes do procede gyue to vs the same peace/which the worlde cannot gyue: that oure hertes beynge obedyēt to thy commaundemētes (and the feare of our enemyes taken away) our tyme may be peasyble thorough thy protection. By Chryste our lorde.

¶ For mercy.

LOrde we beseche the to shewe vnto vs thyne vnspeakeable mercye/that thou bothe purge vs frō all our synnes/and mercyfully delyuer vs frō the payne/that we deserue for the same. By Chryste our lorde.

¶ For the soules departed.

O God that arte creatour and redemer of all faythfull people/graunt vnto the soules of al true beleuers beynge deade/remyssyon of al their synnes/that thorough deuout prayers they maye attayne thy gracyous pardon/whiche they haue alway desyred. By Chryste our lorde.

¶ For the kynge.

LOrde god of hostes/kynge moost myghty & stronge/by whom kynges do reygne and in whose hādes are the hertes of all kynges: geadce vnto thy well be loued seruaunt. N. our kynge/ contynuall healthe of body & soule/that his hertes

alwayes encliynynge to holsome and godly counsell/ese the enemyes of the commen welth beyng banquyshed/we maye longe enioye vnder hym perpetuall peace and brotherly concorde.
By thyne ourlorde.

¶ For all estates.

H Or thy pitye (lorde) we beseche the to lose the bōde of all oure synnes/& through the prayer of the blessed and glorious euerlastynge mayde Mary with all thy sayntes/kepe vs thy seruauntes and our kynge/and all christen people in all holynesse/& all that by kynrede of blode/or by familiarite/or by confessyon and prayer be ioyned with vs/clense them lorde of all vyces/lyghten theym with vertues/peace and helth gyue vnto vs/put from vs all our enemyes/a well they that be visyble/as inuysyble/gyue thy charyte to our frendes/and to our enemyes/& healthe to all christen men quycke and deade/graūte lyfe and endeles reste. By thyne ourlorde.

¶ For true repentaunce.

T Hroughe the merytes/intercessyons/prayers and suffrages of all these holy angelles/patriarches/prophetes/apostles/euaungelystes/martyrs/confessours/virgyns and all thy electe seruauntes/moost mercyfull lorde/powre in to oure hertes a fountayne of teares/to the ende we may perfytly knowe the offence of oure cōsyence/and that we maye truely confesse before the/the defaultes of oure actes conuycted/and through thy liberalyte of thy grace to haue all

wyll pardō therof. By Chryste our lorde. So be it.

¶ The verses of Sayut Bernarde.

I Illumynate myne eyes/to the ende I neuer slepe in darknesse: leste myne enemyes saye at any tyme/I haue preuayled agaynst hym.

O lorde.

O lorde I commende my soule in to thy handes/ o lorde very god thou hast redemed me.

O sauyour.

I haue spoken with my tongue: lorde gyue me knowledge of myne ende.

O holy.

And the nombre of my dayes: what it is: that I may knowe howe moche I lacke.

O god.

O lorde thou haste broke my bondes/I shall gyue vnto the a sacrifyce of prayse: & shall call vpō the name of the lorde.

O Emanuel.

Refuge is take from me: and there is none that seketh my lyfe. O chryst.

I haue cryed vnto the (o lorde) I haue sayd/thou art my hope and my porcyon in the lande of the lyuynge. O kynge.

Make in me a sygne of goodnesse/that they whyche hate me may se it/& be confounded/for thou lorde haste holpen me/and comforted me.

O mayster.

O lorde the lyght of thy countenaūce is marked vpon vs/thou haste made myne herte ioyfull.

Glory be to the father. &c. As it was in the. &c.

Iesu sone of god/maker of all thynges
me me/to the ende I departe not fro thy
commaundementes. Our father whyche art in heuen.
Mayde Mary full of grace.
Iesu sone of god/whych behelde thy peace be-
fore a iudge/kepe my tongue/that I saye
nothynge/but that I shall saye. Our father
whyche art. &c. Mayde Mary full of grace.
Iesu sone of god/whyche was bounde/rule
myne handes/and all my membres/to the en-
de my workes may come to a good ende. So be it.
Our father whyche. &c. Mayde Mary full of grace.
Iesu sone. Mayde helpe and helpe me. Amen.
Amen for thy names sake delyuer me. Prayer.
I beseche the lorde Iesu/that I may haue in
thy loue a meane without measure/and ac-
ceptyon without meane/almesdede without ob-
staclyng/a burnynge without cessynge. So be it.
I beleue in god the father almyghty.

## The begynnynge of the Dirige/and of Prayenge for the Deade.

O the begynnynge of this seruyce (that we call
Dirige) some be aferde to saye. I shoote
and I shall not hyt my mayster/but whether he them
or no/I cannot tell/for certeyn it is/that al
the prayers (except the collectes excepte) may
well be sayde in the prayenge/as for the deade

hath trusted in the lorde.
From the morning watche vnto nyght: let Israel trust in the lorde.
For with the lorde there is mercy: and his redemption is plenteous.
And he shall redeme Israel/ for all the iniquities of it.
Lorde gyue them eternall reste: and let contynual lyght shyne vnto them. The anthem.
If thou (lorde) imputest mēs synnes vnto them: lorde who shal abyde it. Anthem. The workes:
Confitebor tibi domine. The .cxxxviij. Psalme.
LOrde I shal make knowlege to the with all my herte: for thou hast herde the wordes of my mouthe.
In the syght of aungels I shall synge to the: I shall worshyppe the in thy holy temple and shall confesse thy name.
Vpō thy mercy & thy trouth: for aboue al thyng thou hast magnifyed thy holy name.
When soeuer I shall call vpon the/ heare me: thou shalte encrease strength in my soule.
Let al the kynges of the earth confesse the/ o lord for they haue herde all ȳ wordes of thy mouthe.
And let them synge in the wayes of the lorde: for great is the glory of the lorde.
For the lorde is hyghe/ & beholdeth lowe thynges: and knoweth hygh thynges a farre.
If I walke in the myddes of tribulacyon/ thou wylt reconforte me: and vpon the enemyes of myne enemyes thou hast extende thy power and thy

ryght hande hath made me saufe.
The lorde shall requyre for me: lorde thy mercy is everlastynge/the workes of thyne handes dispyse thou not.
Lorde gyue them eternall reste: and let contynuall lyght shyne vnto them. The anthem.
Lorde dispyse not the workes of thy handes The verse. From the gates of hell. The answere.
Lorde delyuer theyr soules.
The anthem. I herde a voyce.

¶ The songe of Mary.

My soule magnifyeth the lorde.
And my spirit hath reioysed in god my saviour.
For he hathe regarded the humilite of his handmayden: beholde nowe from henceforth shall all generacyons call me blessed.
For he that is myghty hathe done to me great thynges: and blessed is his name.
And his mercy is alwayes on them that fear hym throughout all generacyons.
He hathe shewed strength with his arme: he hath scatered them that are proude in the ymagynacyon of theyr hertes.
He hath put downe the myghtye from theyr seate: and hath exalted them of lowe degree.
He hath fylled the hungry with good thynges: and hath sent away the riche empey.
He hath remembred mercy: and hathe holpe his seruaunt Israel.
Even as he promysed to our fathers Abraham

and to his seede for euer.

Lorde gyue them eternall reste: & let contynuall lyght shyne vnto them. The antheme. I haue herde a voyce frō heuyn sayenge. Blessyd be the deade/whiche dye in the lorde. Lorde haue mercy on vs. Christe haue mercy on vs. Lorde haue mercy on vs. Our father/whiche arte &c. Hayle mary &c. Anima mea dñō. The .cxlvj. psalme

Prayse the lorde (my soule) I shall laude the lorde duryng my lyfe: I shall syng to my god/so longe as I lyue.

Truste ye not in prynces/nor in the chyldren of men/in whome there is no healthe.

My soule shall passe out/and shall retourne i to his countrey: in that day shall all theyr cogytacyons perysshe.

Blessed is the man/whose helper is the god of Iacob: whose hope is in our lorde god/which made heuyn and earth and see and all that be in the Which kepeth trueth euermore/doth iudgemēt to them that suffre wronge and gyueth meate to the hungry.

The lorde loseth the fettered: the lorde gyueth syght to the blynde.

The lorde lyfteth vp thē that be fallen: the lorde louyth the righteous.

The lorde preserueth straungers: he shall defende the fatherles: and the wydowe/and shal destroy the wayes of synners.

The lorde shall reygne euermore: thy god/o syon/ from one generacyon to another.

Lorde gyue thē eternall rest: and let contynuall lyght shyne vnto thē. The verse. From the gates of hell. The answere. Lorde delyuer theyr soules. The verse. I trust to se the goodes of the lorde. The answere. In the lande of lyfe. Verse. Lorde god heare my prayer. The answere. And gyue heaynge to my clamour. Let vs pray.

GOd to whome it is appropried to be mercyfull euer & to spare/be mercyfull to the soules of thy seruauntes of eche kynde/and forgyue them al theyr synnes: that they beyng loosed frō the bondes of death/may deserue to ascende vnto lyfe. By Christe our lorde.

OGod the lorde of pardon/graunt vnto the soule of N. thy seruaunte (the yeares myn de/of whose death we haue in remembraunce) a place of rest/the blyssfull quiete/and clerenesse of thy lyght. By Christe our lorde.

OGod whiche hast caused thy seruastes in pontificall dignite/to be accompted amōge the preestes apostolyke/graunt we beseche the/ that they maye enioye in heuyn the cōtynuall cōpany of them/whose office they dyd beare somtyme heare in earth. By Christe our lorde.

OGod the graunter of pardon/and the louer of mannes saluacyon/we beseche thy mercy/that thou wylte suffre the congregacyons of our brothers and systers/beynge departed out of this worlde/through the intercession of blessed mary the virgyn/and saynt Mychell the archāgell/& all holy saynctes/to come to the congrega-

ryll of euerlastynge felicite. By Chryste our lorde.

O God that arte creatour and redemer of all faythfull people/graunt vnto the soules of al true beleuers beynge deade/remyssyon of al theyr synnes/that through deuout prayers they maye attayne thy gracyous pardon/whiche they haue alway desyred. which shalte come to iudge the quycke and the deade/and the worlde by fyre So be it. God haue mercy on all chrysten soules. So be it.

¶ The matyns of the Dirige.

The Antheme. Dyrect good lorde.

Verba mea auribus. The. v. Psalme.

Lorde perceyue my wordes with thyne eares: vnderstande my clamour.

Take hede to the voyce of my prayer: my kynge and my god.

For vnto the wyl I praye/o lorde/early shalt thou heare my voyce.

Early shall I stande by the/& I shall se: for thou arte a god/not fauourynge iniquite.

For thy malygne shal not dwel nere the: neyther shal the vnryghteous abyde before thy yes.

Thou haste hated all that do iniquite: thou shalte destroy all that speake falshode.

A man that is bloudy & decéytful/the lorde wyll abhorre: but I through the plenteousnes of thy mercy.

Shall entre in to my houle I shall praye at thy holy temple in thy feare.

Leade me lorde in thy ryghteousnes: bycause of myne enemyes directe my way in thy syght.

For in the mouth of them there is no treuth: the
herte of them is full of vanyte.
The throte of them is an open graue: deceytfully
haue they done with their tonges iudge them
o god.
Let them fall frō their cogytacyons: accordyng
to the greatnes of their wyckednes expel them:
for they haue stirred the to angre lorde.
And let all reioyse that trust in the: they shall
eutermore be gladde: & thou shalte dwelle amōge
them.
And they shall glory in the all that loue thy name:
for thou wylte bielle the ryghteous.
Lorde thou hast couered vs as it were with a
shylde of thy good wyll.
Lorde gyue them eternall reste: & let cōtynuall
lyght shyne vnto them.
The antheme. Dyrecte good lorde my way i thy
syghte. The antheme. Tourne the lorde.
Domine ne in furore tuo. The. vj. psalme.
Lorde rebuke me not in thy fury: neyther
chasten thou me in thyne angre.
Haue mercy on me lorde for I am sycke: heale me
lorde for my bones are vexed.
And my soule is very sore troubled: but how lōge
lorde.
Tourne the lorde and deliuer my soule: saue me
for thy mercye.
For there is none in death that hath mynde of
the: and in hell who will acknowledge the.
I haue laboured i my sorow I shal euery nyght

wasshe my bedde with teares/shall I weate the place where I lye
Myne eye is troubled with woodnes: I haue waxen olde amonge al myne enemyes.
Auoyde fro me al ye that worke wyckednes for the lorde hath herd the noyse of my wepynge.
The lorde hath herde my prayer:the lorde hath receyued my peticyon.
Let all myne enemyes be greatly ashamed and confounded:let them be ashamed/and confounded very quyckely.
Lorde gyue them eternall reste:& let contynuall lyght shyne vnto the. The antheme. Turne the lorde & delyuer my soule for he is not l deathy/that hath mynde of the. The anthem. Nesi any tyme. O ne des meus in te sperauj. The. vij. Psalme.
O Lorde my god/in the haue I trusted saue me fro al that persecute me/and delyuer me Lest any tyme they deuour my soule as a lyon whylst there is none y may redeme nor saue me.
O lorde god yf I haue done this thynge:yf wyckednes be in myne handes.
If I haue reqted euyl to the that dyd for me:let me then worthely falle into myne enemyes hades Let an enemye persecute my soule:lette hi take it and treade downe my lyfe in earth:and bringe my glory in to duste.
Aryse lorde in thy wrathe:and be exalted in the mountrees of myne enemyes.
And aryse my lorde god in the precepte that

thou hast commaunded: and the congregacion of people shall compasse the.

And for the same go vp agayne on hyghe: the lorde iudgeth nacyons.

Iudge me lorde accordynge to my iustyce: and procede vpon me accordyng to myn innocency.

Let the wyckednes of synners be consumed/ and thou shalte dyrecte the iuste: o god that enserchest herte and reynes.

My iust helpe is from god/ which preserueth the ryghteous in herte.

The lorde is a iust iudge/ stronge and pacyēt is he angry al tymes.

Excepte ye be tourned he hath shakē his swerde he hathe bēded his bowe and hathe made it redy and hath prepared in it vesselles of death: he hath made his arowes sharpe.

Lo he bredeth iniustyce/ he hathe conceyued sorowe and hath brought forth vngodlynes.

He hathe opened a lake and/ dygged it out: and hath fallen in to the pyt that hym selfe made.

Let his sorowe be tourned vpon his owne head & let his wyckednesse falle vpō his owne crowne.

I shall make knowledge to the lorde/ accordyng to his iustyce: and shall syng to the name of the lorde most hyest.

Let be gyue the eternall rest: and let contynuall lyght shyne vnto them.

The antheme.

Helpe my lorde god saue me after thy mercy/ when there is none that wyll redeme it of hym/ when there is none that wyll redeme it of hym.

The verse. From the gates of hell.

Dñs illuminatio mea. The.xxvi.Psalme.

THe lorde is my lyghte & my healthe: whom shall I feare.

The lorde is the defender of my lyfe: of whome shall I be a drad.

Whyle cuyll doers approche vnto me / for to deuoure my flesshe.

Myne enemyes / whiche trouble me / they were made weyke and fell downe.

If they pytche pauylyons agaynste me / my herte shall not feare.

If a batayle ryse agaynst me: I shal trust in it.

One thynge haue I asked of the lorde: that I shal requyre / that I may inhabyte in the hous of the lorde all the dayes of my lyfe.

That I may se the wyll of the lorde: and maye vysyte his temple.

For he hath hyd me in his tabernacle / in ꝑ cuyll daye he hathe defended me in the secrete place of his tabernacle.

He hath exalted me vpō a rocke: & now he hath exalted myne head aboue myn enemyes.

I haue gone aboute / and haue offred in his tabernacle: I shall synge the sacrifyce of inuocacyon: and shall say a psalme vnto the lorde.

Heare my voyce lorde / wherwith I haue cryed vnto the: haue mercy on me / and heare me.

Myne herte hath sayd vnto the: my face hath sought the / thy face lorde I shall desyre.

Tourne not thy face awaye from me: do not bowne from thy seruaunt in thy wrath.

Be myne helper/forsake me not:neyther dispyse thou me(o god)my sauyour.

For my father & my mother haue forsaken me but the lorde hath receyued me.

Lorde set me a lawe in the way:and leade me in a strayght pathe in spyte of myne enemyes.

Set me not go after the myndes of thē that trouble me:for vniust wytnesses haue rysen agaynst me/and wyckednes hath lyed vnto them.

I trust to se the goodnesse of god in the lande of the lyuynge.

Loke after the lorde & manfully:and let thyne herte be confortedy/and abyde the lorde.

Lorde gyue them eternall rest:and let ꝑpetuall lyght shyne vnto them. The antheme. I trust to se the goodnes of the lorde:in the lande of the lyuynge. The verse. The ryghtuous shall be in eternall remembraunce. Answere. He shall not feare euyl speakyng. Our father. And leade vs not. But delyuer vs. ¶ The fourth lesson.

How sore am I laden with synne and wyckednes.

Lorde of thy goodnes/I pray the let me knowe my cursed actes/and great vnryghtuousnes wherby my soule in daunger is and wo

Thy face alas why hydest thou me fro

Entreatynge me with lyke extremyte

As yf I were thy mortall enemy

Agaynst a leafe/that tossed is with wynde

Thou shewedst thy power thy force & thy myght

And dost me persecute/whyche by dery kynde

Am/as the drye stubble/or straw that is lyghe
Syns agaynst me/thou dost bytterly wryte
And wylt(as I thynke)me bytterly vpcast
For the faultes of my youth/that are wne & past
Wyt keete in stockes/set thou hast fast
Awaytynge ryght narowly/all my hole trade
In so moche that wy foote steppes / nombred thou hast
And neuertheleste/when death shall inuade
As the rotten dunge/I must away fade
And sodeynly my flesthe shall tourne to wormes meate.
Lyke as agarment/that mothes w wast and eat
Answere. Alas(good lorde)and welaway
For mylyfe euyll spent/my soule is afrayde
What shall I do or what shall I say
Whyther shall I flee/thus wofully arayde
But vnto the(lorde)for mercy and ayde
Whiche for to graunte I humbly the pray
When thou shalt come at the latter day. Verse.
My soule within me is troubled ryght sore
With greuous sorowe/and depe repentaunce
Of my manyfolde synnes committed before
By very frayltie/of humayne ygnoraunce
But yet good lorde/in all suche greuaunce
Ist for to succour/I humbly the pray
When thou shalt come at the latter day

The fyfth lesson.

The man that procedeth from his mothers wombe
Whole lyke in this worlde is short & transitory

And in conclusyon is cast in to a toumbe
Fulfylled is/with manyfolde mystery
Moost lyke a floure that fadeth naturally
And lyke vnto a shadowe doth vanysh & abate
Neuer contynuynge in one lyke estate
And thynkest thou it mete/eyther eis conuenyent
vpon suche a none/so narowly to spye
Or to contende with hym in iudgement
For who is able/by craftc or polycye
A thynge infecte with synne/to purifye
whiche was vncleane/from his conceptyon
No man surely/but thou god alone
Shorte be the dayes of mannes lyfe here
His yeres thou hast counted/iust is the nombre
Thou hast apoynted his tyme so nere
Wbyche neuer shal passe eyther ouer ne vnder
Suffre hym then a whyle / and nomore hym encomber
Wntyl that day com that he hath long desyred
whyche he hath loked for/as a seruaunt hyred.

Answe. Lord I beseech the to rase out of mynde
My greuous synnes/and great impietie
whyche I of all other/most cursed and vnkynde
Haue dayly committed/agaynst thy maiesty
whyche bryuge my soule in great perplexyte
wherof thy pardon/moost mekely I desyre
when thou shalt come to iudge vs by fyre.

Verse. Dlease it the (lorde) my wayes to dyrect
So euyn alwayes in thy blessed syght
That I may deserue/amonge thy electe
Euer to beholde/that glorious lyght

wherin thou reygnest as a god of myghe
Thyther to bryng me/ I humbly the requyre
when thou shalte come/ to iudge vs by fyre.

¶ The fyfth lesson.

WHo can assure me/ that ꝑ wyle me defende
In the lowe place ℰ me to hyde secretly
Untyll thy fury be past/ and at an ende
And to apoynt me a tyme certeynly
when it may the please/ for to remembre me
For what do I force/ to suffre death and payne
Syns that the deade shall ones ryse agayne
All the longe tyme/ of this lyke mortall
whiche as a souldier/ led I haue in payne
My hope and trust hath ben in speciall
To chaunge this lyfe/ that is momentayne
In to the same that is heuynly and certayn
wherto when it lykes the/ me for to call
I wyll the answere moost gladly of all
To me therfore that am thy handy worke.
Sende for thy succours/ and godly assystence
From whose knowlege nothyng ther may lurke
Syns thou enserchest the secretes of conscyence
And nombrest my steppes by godly prouydence
wherfore I beseche thy moost mercytul grace
To spare my synne/ ℰ grenous trespas. Answere
In iudgement lorde/ do thou not procede
After myne acte/ and synne moost odyous
For I am parfyte/ and knowe in very dede
That nothyng I haue done good or meritorious
Before the to be counte/ o god/ moost glorious
Thy maiesty therfore: I beseech of thy goodnes

Clene take away my synne/& wyckednes. Wesshe me (lorde) from myne vnrygh twysenes
And of my synne/make me clene and pure
For to the onely/by great vngodlynes
I haue offended/herof am I sure
And put my soule in ryght harde aduenture
Thy maiesty therfore I beseech of thy goodnes
To take clene away my synne and wyckednes
The anthem. Dealynge he it.

Exspectans exspectaui. The. xxxix. psalme.

WIth longe awayt I loked after the lorde
and he intended vnto me.
And he herde my prayers: & he brought me out of the lake of mysery: and from the muddy clay.
And set my feete vpon a rocke: and directe my steppes.
And he put I to my mouthe a newe songe: a verse vnto our god.
Many shall se and shall feare: and shall truste in the lorde.
Blessed is the man/whose hope is the name of the lorde: and hath not regarded vanites/& false madnesses.
Many mervayles hasse thou done/o lorde my god: and thy dysposeyons/there is none that is lyke vnto the.
I haue tolde forth and spoken: they are multiplyed aboue nombre.
Sacrifyce and offeryng thou woldest not: verily thou hast made myne eares parfyte.
And burnt offeryng for synne/ye hast not required

then sayd I/lo I come.

In the begynnyng of the boke it is wryte of
that I shall do thy wyll: for to wolde I my g
haue thy lawe in the myddest of myn hert.

I haue declared thy iustyce in a great con-
cyon: lo I shall not holde i my lyppes/lord
knowest.

I haue not hydden thy ryghtwoulnes i
te: I shewe thy trueth/and thy salvacy

I haue not kepte secrete thy mercie & th
from a great company.

But ꝓ lorde do not estraunge thy merrye
me: thy mercy & thy trouth haue euer defe

For myscheues innumerable haue comp
me: my wyckednesses haue caught me/ & I
not able to se them.

They are multyplied mo then the heeres of
heade: and my herte hath fayled me.

Let it be thy pleasure/o lorde/for to delyue
me/lorde haue regarde to helpe me.

Confounded and afrayde be they/that seke my
lyfe for to take it away.

Let them be turned backewarde and affrayde/
that mynde to do me harme.

Let them incontynent beare away theyr confu
syon/that speake to me in scornfull wordes.

Let all that seke the/reioyse & be glad of the/&
let all that loue thy sauynge healthe/say/the lor-
de be magnyfyed.

I veryly am a beggar/and poore/the lorde is
mynde full of me.

hou arte my helper and protectoure:o my god
nst.

de gyue thē eternall reste:and let cōtynuall
shyne vnto them. The anthe. O lealynge
to the(o lorde)for to delyuer me:lorde ha:
he to helpe me. Anthe. Heale my soule.
us qui intelligit. The.xl. Psalme.
d is he that consydereth the nedy and
poore: in the euyll day the lorde shall
m.
e shall preserue hym/& refreshe hym/
ke hym fortunate in the earth/and shall
yuer hym to his enemyes.
lorde shall succour hym/lyenge diseased in
edde:all his estate thou hast chaunged i his
mpte.
ayd lorde haue mercy on me: heale my soule
, I haue trespassed to the.
yne enemyes spake euyll vnto me/sayeg:whē
al he dye that his name may perysshe.
And though he entred in for to se/he spake va:
ites:his hert gathered mischeyf vnto it self.
He yssued forth/and spake to the same purpose.
A gaynst me dyd al myne enemyes murmure: a:
gaynst me haue they ymagyned mycheyf.
They haue deuysed an vntrue sayenge by me:
that he that slepeth haue no help to ryse agayn.
A for a man pretendynge peace vnto me:(in who
me I trusted) whiche hathe eaten of my breade:
made greate meanes to supplante me.
But thou lorde haue mercy on me: & restore me:

and I shall requyte them.
In that they haue perceyued that thou fauou-
rest me: that my enemy shall not tryumph vpon me.
But for my innocency thou hast defended me &
hast made me sure in thy syght for euer.
Blessed be the lorde god of Israel: worlde with
out ende. So be it.
Lorde gyue them eternall reste: and let contyn-
uall syght shyne vnto them.
The anthe. Scale my soule lorde for I haue syn-
ned agaynst the. Antheme. My soule thyrste

Quēadmodū desyderat. The. xli. Psl.

Euyn as the harte longeth after the fo
taynes of waters: so doth my soule lo
after the/o god.
My soule hath thyrsted after god/the lyuyn
fountayne: when shal I come and appere befo
the face of god.
My teares were to me day & nyght i steade of bre
ade: whylst it is dayly sayd vnto me: wher is thy
god. These thynges I call to mynde: & cast it in
my thought: because I shall depte in to a place de
mervaylous habitaciō/euyn vnto ꝑ house of god
Whit a voyce of gladnes and confessyon lyke
the sounde of one that banketteth.
Why arte thou sorowfull/my soule: & why dost
thou trouble me.
Truste in god/for I shall euer cōfesse hym that
gyueth heath vnto me/and is my god.
The soule within my self is troubled: therfore I
shall haue the in mynde in the lande of Iordā/ꝑ

the lytle mountayne of Hermon.

Deepenes calleth vpon depenes with the noyse of thy watersourses.

All thy raynes & thy floodes: haue rone ouer me

In the day the lorde hath sent forth his mercy/ and in nyght his songe.

In me is prayer to the god of my lyfe: I shall say vnto god/ thou arte my defender.

Why hast thou forgoten me/ & why do I go al sorowful/ whylst myn enemy doth afflycte me.

Whyls my bones are broke/ myne enemyes that

e me/ haue cast it in my teeth.

they saye to me euery daye: where is thy

arte thou sorowfull/ my soule/ & why trou-

thou me.

use in god/ for yet I shall make knoweledge

ym: that he is my sauyour and my god.

orde gyue them eternall reste: and let contynuall lyght shyne vnto them.

The Anthem. My soule thyrsted for god/ the lyuynge fountayne/ when shall I ones come and appere before the face of god.

The verse. Lorde gyue them eternall reste.

The answere. And let contynuall lyght shyne vnto them. Our father. And leade vs not. But delyuer vs. ¶ The seuenth lesson.

My spyryte god mote is weykened wonders fore

My tyme i this world: but very shorte & vayne is And saue a poore graue/ get I now no more

My synne is not great/and yet to me remaynyng
Nothynge at all saue greuous bytter paynes
But yet helpe me o lorde/and let me by the syt
And for al myn enmyes: I force not the a whyt
My lyues dayes be passed cleane away
The thoughtes / whiche were wont to trouble
so my mynde. The darke nyght / haue turned in
to the clere daye.
And after darkenes / I hope yet lyght to synde
But yf I contynue/thus synfull styll and blynde
In contynuall darkenes/my lodgynge the I ma
ke And hell for my dwellynge house nedes must
I take.
I spake to the earthe/that vyle was and rotten
Sayn gthou art my father:and thou my mother
And to the wormes in the earthe / also haue I
spoken.
Sayenge/thou arte my syster/and thou also my
brother
What hope I haue then/aboue all other
Who shall rewarde my paynes/ & which I abode
Surely none other/but onely thou my god.
The Answere. Thus dayly in me / my synne en-
creasyng double
And I not repentynge in my lyues space
The feare of death full sore my hert doth trouble
For why in that lowe / and depe infernall place
There is no redempcyon/no mercy nor no grace
But yet good lorde yf it may the please
Haue mercy on me / and heale thou my disease.
The verse. O good lord through thy holy name

Saue me from peryll in euery cafe
And by thy great myght ryd me from the fame
For why in that lowe/and depe infernall place
There is no redempcyon no merry/nor no grace
But yet good lorde/if it may the pleafe
Haue merry on me/and heale thou my deseafe

¶ The eyght lefson.

My flefhe is conſumed/there is but fkyn and bone
My lyppes they be fallen away/my teeth bare appere
Take pety vpon me/and haue compaſſyon
At the leſt way ye that be my frendes dere
For the hande of god/ſo hath me touched here
why perſecute ye me more/to encreafe my payn
Is it my flefhe/that ye wolde haue ſo fayne
Who ſhall warrant me/that my dedes ſhall be wryten
Or who can promyſe me/eyther that they ſhal
Be regyſtred ſo/that they ſhal not be forgeten
In tyme/leade/or in the ſtony wall
But one thynge I knowe that ſureſt is of all
That my redemer ſhall euer lyue/this I know for true
And in the laſt day/that I ſhall ryſe a newe
And wt̄ this ſkynne agayne/the I ſhall be clade
And in my flefhe/I ſhall playnly ſe
My ſauyoure and my god/whiche hath me wrought and made
And as I am now ſo ſhall I then be
I ſhall not beholde hym/by no depute

Shal treble and quake: before the face of the
when thou shalt come: in thy most feruent yre
The worlde to iudge/ by hotte burnynge fyre.
The answere. Wherfore good lorde/ we humbly
the requyre.
That of thy goodnes thou woldest not forget
To delyuer me/ from euerlastynge fyre
whiche brakest vp the brasen gates great
And bysyted hast the lowe infernall seate
And vnto lyght/ them dydest restore
whiche in payne of darkenesse/ hadde ben longe
before. The verse.
whiche vnto the thus dyd call and cry
welcome to vs our blyssed sauyour swete
welcome our redemer/ welcome hertely
whiche brakest vp the brasen gates great
And visited hast the lowe infernall seate
And vnto lyght/ them dydest restore
whiche in payne of darkenesse hadde ben longe
before. The verse. Reste in peace. The answere.
So be it. The anthem. My brouled,

Miserere mei deus. The.li. Psalme.

Haue mercy vpon me (o god) accordynge to
thy great mercy.
And accordyng to the multitude of thy cōpas-
syons: wype away myn iniquite.
yet wasshe me more from myne iniquite: & clense
me more from my synne.
For I knowledge myne iniquite: and my synne
is euer before myne eyes.
Agaynst the onely haue I synned/ and haue

wone eyell in thy syght: that thou mayste be iustified in thy wordes/ & mayst vaynquysshe whe thou hast iudged.

And I was begotten in wyckednesse/ and my mother conceyued me in synne.

For thou hast loued trueth/ the vnknowe and secrete thynges of thy wysdome hast thou reuealed vnto me.

Sprynckle me lorde with ysope/ and so shall I be cleane/ thou shalt washe me/ and then shal I be whyter then snowe.

Vnto my hearynge shalt thou gyue ioye & gladnesse: and my broken bones shalbe refreshed.

Tourne thy face frō my synnes: and wype away all my wyckednesse.

A pure herte create in me (oh god) and an vpright spyryte renewe within me.

Cast me not away from thy face: and thyne holy spyryte take not from me.

Take me agayn to reioyse in thy sauynge helth and strengthen me with a pryncypal spirite.

I wyll instruct the wycked in thy wayes: and the vngodly shall be conuerted vnto the.

Delyuer me from bloudes (oh god) the god of my health: and my tonge shal exalte thy ryghtwysenesse.

Holde open thou my lyppes/ and my mouthe shall pronounce thy prayse.

For yf thou haddest delyted sacrifices/ I hadde surely gyuen it/ but thou delytest not in burnt offrynges.

A Sacrifyce to god is a lowly spirit: a contrite & an humble herte dispyce not (o god)

Dealy getly of thy fauourable beneuolēce with Syon: that the walles of Hierusalē may be buylte agayne.

Then shalt thou accept the sacrifyce of ryghtwyseneſſe: oblacyons and burnte offerynges/ the shall they lay calues vpon thyne altare.

Lorde gyue them eternall reſte: and let contynuall lyght shyne vnto them.

The antheme. My brouled bones lorde shall be refreſshed. The antheme. Heare lorde.

The decet hymnus. The. lxiiij. Psalme.

Prayse becōmeth the (o god) i Syō: & let euery pmyse be pformed to the in Hierusalē. O god heare my prayer: vnto the shall euery creature come.

The wordes of the wycked haue preuayled agaynſte vs: & vnto our vngodlynes: thou shalte be mercyfull.

Blessed is he/ whome thou haſte chosen and taken vp: he shall dwell in thy court.

we shal be satisfied with the godes of thy hous holy is thy temple/ and meruaylous in equite.

Heare vs/ o god our sauyour: the hope of all the costes of the earth/ and mayne see.

Thou prepareſt the hylles with thy strength: whiche beynge gyrded with power/ dyrreſt the depnes of the see: the rorynge waters therof.

People shalbe afrayde/ & they that dwel vpon the see coostes/ shall drede thy tygnes: thou shalte

refreshe the mornynge and euenyng fruytes.
Thou hast vysyted the earth/and hast watered it: thou hast done moche to enryche it.
The flode of god is replenyshed with waters: thou hast prepared theyr fode/for so is the prepa racyon of it.
Thou encreasynge the watercourses of it/ multiplyest the sprynges of it with softe showres/ it shall englad the out sprynges.
Thou shalte blesse the crowne of the yere of thy benygnyte/and thy feldes shal be replenyshed with habundaunce.
The goodly places of deserte shal ware fleshe/ & the tyrell hylles shall be gyrte with gladnes.
The rammes of thy flocke are well fleced/ & the valeys shall crease with wheate/ they shal out crye and gyue prayse.
¶ O lorde gyue thy eternall reste/and let eternall lyght shyne vnto them. The antheme.
O cause my prayer/ a lorde/ vnto the shal euery creature come. For thou hath recyued.
Deus deus meus. The .lxiij. Psalme.
O god thou art my god early do I watche
[illegible] thyrsted [illegible]
[illegible] for to se thy
[illegible] gyue prayse
¶ O lorde thy mercy [illegible] lyppes shall prayse the.

So shal I prayse the in my lyfe/and in thy name I shall lyfte vp my handes.

My soule shall be satysfyed/as it were with enterlarde and fatnes/and my mouthe shall prayse the with lyppes full of ioye.

So haue I ben myndefull of the vpō my bed: in the mornyng tymes: bycause thou wast my helper/I shall set my thought on the.

And I shall reioyse vnder the coueret of thy wynges: my soule hath cleaued vnto the/thy ryght hande hath susteyned me.

They verily haue sought my lyfe in vayne: they shall go in to the lower partes of the erth they shall be put to the power of a swerde: they shall be the partes of foxes.

The kynge truely shall ioye in god/all shal be prayed that sweare in hym: for the mouthe of them that speake vngodlynes is stopped.

Deus misereatur nostri. The .lxvij. psalme.

God haue mercy vpon vs/and blesse vs: let hym shewe his face vnto vs/and haue mercy vpon vs.

That thy way may be knowen vpon the earth: and thy sauynge helth also amonge all nacyons.

Let thy people confesse the o god: let all nacyons confesse the.

Ioyfull and glad shall all folke be/for thou iudgest the people with equite/and gouernest nacyons in erth.

People knowledge the to be god/let all nacyons confesse the: for the erth hath brought forth her fruyte.

Bleſſe vs our god / and all that inhabyte the earth: that al the partes therof may feare the.
Lorde gyue them eternall reſte: and let cōtynuall lyght ſhyne vnto them.
The antheme. Lorde thy ryght hande hathe defended me. Antheme. From the gates of hell.

¶ The ſonge of Ezechias. Clay the .xxxviii.
Chapiter. Ego dixi in dimidio.

I ſayd in the myddes of my dayes: I ſhall go to the gates of hell.
I deſyred the reſydue of my yeres: I ſayd to my ſelfe / I ſhal not ſe the lorde god in the lande of the lyuynge.
I ſhall not ſe man any more: and hym that dwelleth in reſte.
My generacyon is taken from me / and folden vp as the ſhepherdes tente.
My lyfe is cut of lyke a weauers webbe: euyn whyen I began / he cutte me downe: frō morōyng vntyll the nyght thou ſhalt fynyſſhe me.
I was in hope vntyll morōynge: euyn as a lyon: ſo dyd he gnawe by bones.
Frō morōynge vntyll nyght thou ſhalte fynyſſhe me: as a yonge ſwalow / ſo ſhall I crye / ſhall muſe as a done.
Myne eyen daſeled / with lokyng on hygh.
Lorde I am enforced / anſwere for me: what I ſhall ſay: or what ſhall he anſwere me / ſyns I haue done it.
I ſhall reuolue all my yeres vnto the with greate bytternes of herte.

Lorde yf they lyue thus: & the lyfe of my spirite be suche thynges/thou shalt correct me & quycken me: lo in peace my sorowe is most bytterest.

Thou surely haste delyuered my soule that it shulde not perysshe: thou haste cast beyynde thy backe all my synnes.

For neyther hell shall knowledge the/nor deathy shall prayse the: they that discende in to the pyt/ shall not trust vpon thy veryte.

He that is lyuyng: the man lyuynge shal knowledge the lyke as I do nowe: the father vnto the chyldren/shall declare thy trueth.

Saue me lorde/and we shall synge our psalmes in the lorde house/all the dayes of oure lyfe.

Lorde gyue them eternall reste: and let contynuall lyght shyne vnto them.

The antheme. From the gates of hell lorde delyuer theyr soules. Antheme. Every spirite.

Laudate dñm de celis. The. cxlviii. Psalme.

Prayse ye the lorde of heuyns: prayse ye hym in the hygh places.

Prayse ye hym all his aungelles: all his powers prayse ye hym.

Prayse hym sonne and moone: all sterres and lyght prayse ye hym.

The hyghest of heuyns prayse ye hym: and the waters that are aboue the heuyns/lette them prayse the lordes name.

For by his worde all thynges were made: by his commaundement al thynges were created.

He hath stablysshed them euerlastyngly in the

wolde of woldes: he hathe set a lawe & it shall not trespe.

Prayse the lordeye dragons: and all depnesses of the earth.

Fyre/ hayle/ snowe/ yse/ stormes/ of wyndes: that do his commaundement.

Mountaynes and all lytle hylles: woode bearyng frutye and all ceder trees.

Beastes and all maner of catell: serpentes/ and fethered soules.

Kynges of the earth/ & all people: princes and all iudges of the earth.

Batchelers and maydens/ olde me and yong/ let them prayse the name of the lorde: for the name of hym onely hath ben exalted.

The knowledge of hym is aboue heuyn & earth: and he hathe exalted the horne of his people.

Prayse be vnto all his sayntes: to the sones of Israel/ to the people approchyng vnto hym.

Lorde gyue them eternall reste: & let contynuall lyght shyne vnto them.

Cantate dño canticū. The.cxlix.psalme.

Synge we vnto the lorde a newe song: the prayse of hym is in the congregacyon of sayntes.

Let Israel reioyse in hym that made hym: & let the sones of Syon tryumphe in theyr kynge.

Let them prayse his name with daunsyng: let them synge vnto hym with tympany an harpe.

For the lorde is well pleased with his people: & hath exalted the lowly in to saluacyon.

Sayntes shall tryumphe in glorye: theyr shall make ioye in theyr chambres.

The prayses of god shall be in theyr mouthes & two edged swordes in theyr handes.

To take vengeaunce amonge nacyons: and correccyons amonge people.

To bynde theyr kynges in fetters: and theyr nobles in manacles of yron.

For to execute on them the iudgemēt wrytten: this is glorye to all his sayntes.

Laudate dñm in sanctis. The.cl. Psalme.

Prayse the lorde in his sayntes: prayse hym in the fyrmament of his power.

Prayse hym in his strength: prayse hym accordynge to the almyghtynes of his maiestye.

Prayse hym with the sounde of a trōpette: prayse hym with harpe and lute.

Prayse hym with tympany & daunsynge: prayse hym with rebeckes and organs.

Prayse hym with clarysymballes well sowndyng: prayse hym with symballes of swetnes let every spirite prayse the lorde.

Lorde gyue thē eternall reste: and let cōtynuall lyght shyne vnto them. The antheme. whatsoeuer thynge is endued with spirite: let it prayse the lorde. The verse. From the gates of hell. The answere. Lorde delyuer theyr soules. Antheme.

I am. The songe of Zachary.

Blessed be ȳ lorde god of Israel: for he hath vysyted and redemed his people.

And hath reysed vp an horne of saluacyō vnto

hs: in the house of his seruaunt Dauyd.
Euyn as he spyled by the mouthes of his holy
prophetes/whiche were syns the worlde began.
That we shulde be saued frō our enemyes: and
from the handes of all that hate vs.
To fulfyll the mercy promysed to our fathers &
to remembre his holy couenaunt.
And to performe the othe/whiche he sware vn-
to our father abraham that he wolde gyue vs.
That we beynge delyuered out of the handes of
our enemyes/myght serue hym without feare.
In holynes and ryghtwysnes before hym: all ȳ
dayes of our lyfe.
And thou chylde/shalte be called the prophet of
the hyest: for thou shalt go before the face of the
lorde to prepare his wayes.
And to gyue knowledge of saluacyon vnto his
people: for the remyssyon of synnes.
Through the tender mercy of our god/by the
which he sprygyng from an hye hath vysyted vs.
To gyue lyght to them that sate in darknesse &
in the shadowe of death: and to guyde oure feete
in to the way of peace.
Lorde gyue them eternall reste: and let conty-
nuall lyghte shyne vnto them.
The Anthenue. I am the resurrecyon and lyfe:
he that byleueth in me/ye all though he were
deade/yet shall he lyue: and who soeuer lyueth
and byleueth in me/shall not se euerlastyng deth.
Lorde haue mercy on vs. Chryste haue mercy on
vs. Lorde haue mercy on vs. Our father. &c. And

leade vs not. But delyuer vs.

Exaltabo te domine. The.xxix. Psalme.

I Shal exalte the (o lorde) for thou hast defended me: neyther hast thou suffered myne enemyes to haue theyr pleasure vpon me.

O lorde / my god / I haue cryed vnto the: & thou hast healed me.

Lorde thou hast brought my soule out of the lowe place: thou hast preserued me from thē that descende in to the pytte.

Synge vnto the lorde we that be his sayntes: & confesse ye the memory of his holynes.

For there is vengeaunce in his displeasure and lyfe in his pleasure.

At the euenynge waylynge shall contynue: and in the morynge gladnes.

Verily I sayd in my welthynes: I shall neuer more be moued.

Lorde thyrough thy good wyll thou hast lent strength vnto my beautye.

Thou turnedest thy face from me: and I was all astonyed.

Vnto the (lorde) shal I crye: and shal pray vnto my god.

What profyte is there in my bloude / when I shall descende in to corrupcyon.

Shall dust make knowledge vnto the or shal it publysshe thy trouth.

The lorde hath herde / & hath had mercy on me: the lorde is made myne helper.

Thou hast tourned my sorowe in to ioye: thou

haste cutte my sackcloth haste compassed me with gladnes.
To the ende that my glory myght synge to the/ and myght not be pycked:o my lorde god I shall euermore confesse the.
Lorde gyue them eternall reste:& let contynuall lyght shyne vnto them.
From the gates of hell. Lorde delyuer theyr soules. I trust to se the goodes of the lorde. In the lande of the lyuynge. Lorde heare my prayer. And let my clamour come vnto the. ¶ The prayer.
O God whyche by the mouthe of thy saynt Paule thyne apostle/haste taught vs/not to be sory for them that slepe in Chryste/graunt we beseche the/that in the cõmynge of thy sonne our lorde Jesu Chryste/we with all other faythfull people beyng departed/may be graciously brought vnto ioyes euerlastyng:which lyuest come to iudge the quycke & the deade/& the worlde by fyre.
Almyghty eternall god/to whome there is neuer any prayer made without hope of mercy/be propiciable to the soule of thy seruaunt N. that seynge it departed from this lyfe in the confessyon of thy name/thou wylte cause it to be associate to the company of thy saynctes. By Chryste our lorde.
O God of whose mercy there is no nõbre admyt our prayers/for the soules of thy seruauntes the byshoppes. And graūte vnto them the lande of pleasure and lyght/in the felawshyp of thy blessed aungels. By Chryste our lorde.

LOrd enclyne thyn eare vnto our prayers wherin we ryght deuoutly call vpō thy mercy/that thou wylte bestowe the soules of thy seruauntes/bothe mē & womē (whiche thou hast cōmaunded to depart from this worlde) in the countre of peace and reste/and further/cause them to be made parteyners with thy sayntes. By Cryste our lorde.

WE beseche the lorde that the prayer of thy supplyauntes may auayle to the soules of thy seruauntes of eyther kynde/that thou wylte bothe pourge thē of all theyr synnes & cause thē to be partakers of thy redēpcyon. whiche lyuest & reygnest god/worlde without ende. So be it.

¶ This psalme folowyng is to be sayd betwene Alhalontyde and Easter.

VOce mea ad dñm clamaui. The.cxli. Psalme.

WIth my voyce vnto the lorde I haue cryed: with my voyce I haue prayed to the lorde.

I poure my prayer in the syght of hym: and my trouble before hym I declare.

¶ ea and that vntyl my breath fayled me: & thou hast knowen my wayes.

IN the same waye that I walked: the proude haue hydden a snare for me.

I loked vpon my ryght hande & sawe: and there was none that wolde knowe me.

REfuge is taken frō me: and there is none that requyreth my soule.

I haue cryed vnto the (o lorde) I haue sayde: ¶

arte my hope: my porcyon in the lande of the lyuynge.

Intende vnto my prayer: for I am brought passynge lowe.

O ryuer me from them that persecute me: for they are made very stronge agaynst me.

O ryuer my soule out of prysou to confesse thy name: the ryghtuous loke after me / vntyl that thou requyte me.

The holy and indiuisible Trinyte: to the humanyte of Jesu cryst crucyfyed / glory infynite be gyuen of euery creature / worlde without ende. So be it.

Blessed be the swete name of our lorde Jesus Cryste: & of the glorious virgyn Mary his mother for euermore.

And the soules of all true beleuers / beynge departed through the mercy of god / may reste I peace. So be it.

Prayenge be to god / peace to the lyuynge / and rest vnto the deade. So be it.

¶ The argument of the commendacyons.

This psalme folowynge / accordynge to the nombre of the hebrew letters is diuided in to .xxii. Chapiters / which are called Octonaries: because euery of the conteyneth eyght Ines. But why is it called the commendacyons of soules / I moche meruayle: For yf they meane it of the soules departed / thus after my iudgement do they

But these same eyes shall se hym manyfest
This confort sure remayneth in my brest
Answere. ℟ Eternall rest/good lorde let thẽ haue
And let thẽ be euer in contynuall lygh. The ble.
Thou that rayledest/from the fylth graue
The dead Lazer:through thy great myght
So graunt them grace /of the to haue the syght
And gyue them rest/that be from hens discended
And graūte thẽ pardō where they haue offended.

℣ The .ix. lesson.

WHy from my mothers wombe/ hast thou me out brought
That wolde to god/that I had ben clene
Consumed away euyn to ryght nought
So that none eye/me euer myght haue sene
For then shulde I be/as I had neuer bene
Nowe brought in to the worlde/ and streyght agayne out sent
Oh that my lyfe dayes full soone are gone and spent
wherfore good lorde spare me yet a whyle
That I may bewayle my sorowe/or I go
From whens is no retourne/I meane that wretched yle
whiche is the lande of mysery and wo
Couered all with death/in darknes ouerthrow
where is no rule/nor ordre at all
But horror euerlastyng/and payne contynuall
The Antheme. Wherfore good lorde/ hertely I the pray
To be a succour and ayde vnto me

And specyally in that moost dredfull day
When heuyn and earth/and al that therin be
Shal tremble and quake before the face of the
when thou shalt come in thy moost feruent yre
The worlde to iudge by hotte burnyng fyre. Dfe.
That is the day/full sorowful to beholde
That is the day of wrathe: the day of mysery
That is the day/to wofull to be tolde
when heuyn and earth/and al that therin be
Shall trembled & quake/before the face of the
when thou shalt come/in thy moost feruent yre
The worlde to iudge/by hotte burnynge fyre
The verse. Alas I wretche/mysserable and poore
what thynge shall I do/or what thynge shall I
saye.
That dredfull iudge/when I shall come before
Hauynge no good dede/for my selfe to lay
Howe fearefull shall I fade i that dredfull daye
when that thou shalt come/in thy feruent yre
The worlde to iudge/by hotte burnynge fyre
The verse. Now therfore Chryste we the beseche
pthone.
Let thy mercy vnto vs appere
Thou that descendest/from thy heuynly trone
To redeme them that lost and dampned were
Redempne neuer the/whome thou hast bought
so dere
Wherfore good lorde/hertily I the pray
To be a succour and ayde vnto me
And specyally in that moost dredfull day
when heuyn and earth/and al that therin be

nies/as it were in all maner of ryches.
I shall be exercised in thy commaundementes/ and I shall consyder thy wayes.
I shall study in thy iustifycacyons: I shall not forget thy wordes.
Rewarde thy seruaunt: quyc[illegible]
I shall kepe thy wordes.
Open myne eyes/ and I shall consyder wonderfulnes of thy lawe.
I am a straūger in the lande/ hyde not from me thy commaundementes.
My soule hath desyred thy iustifycacyon in all tymes.
Thou hast rebuked the proud men: cursed are they/ whiche declyne from thy commaundementes.
Take from me oppropry and contempte: for I haue sought after thy commaundementes.
And truely the prynces haue sytte and spoken agaynst me/ and they spake agaynst me: but thy seruaūt was styll exercysed in thy iustifycacyons.
For thy testymonies are my meditacyon: and thy iustifycacyons is my counsell.
My soule hathe cleaued to the grounde/ quycken me accordyng to thy worde.
I haue shewed my wayes/ and thou hast herde me: teache me thy iustifycacyons.
Instructe me in the way of thy iustifycacyons: and I shall be exercised in thy meruayles.
My soule hath slepte for werynesse: conferme me in thy wordes.
Remoue from me the way of iniquite/ and accord-

dynge to thy lawe haue mercy on me.
I haue chosen the way of trueth: I haue not for-
gotten thy iudgementes.
I haue cleaued to thy testimonies: put me not to
confusyon.
I haue ronne the waye of thy commaundement-
es/when thou hast eased my herte.
O good lorde set the waye of thy iustyfyca-
cyons to me for a lawe: and I wyll euer seke
it out.
Gyue vnto me vnderstandynge/I shall serche
thy lawe: and shall kepe the same with myne hol-
le herte.
Leade me in the pathe of thy commaundmen-
tes/for I haue wyllyed the same.
Enclyne my herte in to thy testymonies: and not
in to couetyse.
Tourne away myne eyes/that they se not vani-
tie: quycken me in thy waye.
Stedfe thy worde to thy seruaunt in thy feare.
Cut of myne oppropbrye/whiche I suspected: for
thy iudgementes be ioyous.
Lo I haue desyred thy commaundementes: in
thy equite quycken me.
And let thy mercy come vpon me/o lorde &
thy healthe accordynge to thy promyse.
And I shal answere to them that vpbrayde me
with checkes: for I haue trusted in thy wordes.
And take not the wordes of trueth fro my mouth
on no parte: for I haue moche trusted in thy iud-
gementes.

And I shall kepe thy lawe in the worlde/and in to the worlde of worldes.

And I haue walked at large:for I haue sought thy commaundementes.

And I spake of thy testymonies in the syght of kynges:and I was not confounded.

And I shall be occupied in thy cõmaundementes/whiche I haue loued.

And I haue lyfte vp my handes to thy cõmaundementes/whiche I haue loued:and I shall be occupyed in thy iustyfycacyons.

Remembre thy worde to thy seruaunt:in whiche thou hast gyuen me hope.

The same hath cõforted me in my humylyte for thy worde hath quyckened me.

The proude men haue done wyckednes on euery syde:but I haue not declyned from thy lawe.

I haue ben myndeful of thy iudgementes good lorde/frõ the begynnynge of the worlde:and haue ben conforted.

Defaulte hath holde me bycause of synners:forsakynge thy lawe.

Thy iustifycacyons were to me songes/in the place of my wayfarynge.

I haue ben myndefull in the nyght of thy name good lorde:and I haue kepte thy lawe.

This was done to me/forbycause I serched out thy iustyfycacyons.

O Lorde thou arte my portyon:I haue promysed to kepe thy lawe.

I haue prayed before thy face with al my hert

haue mercy on me accordynge to thy promyse.
I haue consydered my wayes: and I haue cõuerted my fote in to thy testymonies.
I was redy: and I was not troubled: but that I myght kepe thy commaundementes.
The cordes of synners haue bewrapt me/and I haue not forgoten thy lawe.
I rose vp in the myndes of the nyght/that I myght acknoweledge the: vpon the iudgemẽtes of thy iustyfycacyons.
I am a partaker of all that feare the: & of them that kepe thy commaundementes.
O lorde the earth is full of thy mercye: teache me thy iustyfycacyons.

Thou hast delt gentilly with thy seruaunt good lorde/accordynge to thy worde.
Teache me goodnes/lernynge and knowledge: for I haue beleued thy commaundementes.
I haue synned before I was humble: therfore I haue kepte thy worde.
Thou arte good/and in thy goodnes teache me thy iustyfycacyons.
The iniquite of proude men is multyplied vpon me: but I with all my hole herte shall searche out thy commaundementes.
My hert is congyled lyke mylke: I truly haue thought vpon thy commaundementes.
It was good to me that thou dydest brynge me lowe that I myght lerne thy iustyfycacyons.
The lawe of thy mouthe is good to me: & a thousande myllyons of golde or syluer.

Thy hades haue made me and fourmed me: gyue me vnderstandynge that I may lerne thy commaundementes.

They that feare the shall se me & shall be glad: for I haue trusted moche in thy wordes.

I haue knowen lorde that thy iudgementes are equite: and I thy trueth thou hast humiliate me.

Let thy mercy be shewed/that it may cõfort me/ accordyng to thy promyse/which am thy seruaut.

Let thy mercyes come to me & I shal lyue: for thy lawe is my meditacyon.

Let the proude whiche wrongfully haue done wyckednes vnto me/be cõfounded: and I truely shall be exercised in thy commaundementes.

Let them be conuerted to me/whiche fear[illegible] the: and they that knowe thy testymonies.

Let my herte be imaculate in thy iustifycacyons/ that I be not confounded.

My soule hath fayuted in thy healthy: and I haue trusted moche in thy worde.

Myne eyes haue fayuted in thy promyse/sayẽge when wylte thou comforte me.

For I am made lyke a bottell i the smoke: I haue not forgoten thy commaundementes.

How many be the dayes of thy seruaunt/when thou wylt gyue iudgement of them that persecute me.

Wyked men haue shewed to me fables: but not as thy lawe.

All thy commaundementes is trueth: wycked men haue persecuted me/helpe me.

almost they had consumed in the earth: but I truly haue not forsaken thy commaundementes
Quycken me accordynge to thy mercy/ & I shall kepe the testymonies of thy mouthe.

O Lorde thy worde doth remayne i heuyn euer lastyngly.

Thy trueth fro generacyon to generacyon: thou hast set the earth/ and it shall abyde.

By thyne ordinaunce the dayes contynue: for all thynges obey vnto the

Except thy lawe hadde ben my meditacyon: peraduenture I had perysshed in my humylite.

I shall neuer forget thy iustifycacyons: for i the thou hast quyckened me.

I am thyne/ make me safe: for I haue sought out thy iustifycacyons.

Synners haue awayted me to destroye me/ I haue vnderstande thy testymonies.

I haue sene the consumacyon of euery ende: thy commaundemente is very large.

O Lorde how moche haue I loued thy lawe it is my meditacion all the day longe.

Thou hast made me wyse/ ouer myn enemyes throughe thy commaundement for it is to me euer lastynge.

I haue perceyued more then all that taught me: for thy testymonies were my meditacyon.

I haue perceyued more then auncyent men: bycause I haue searched thy commaundementes.

I haue kepte my feete fro euery euyll way: that I myght kepe thy wordes.

I shall be glad of thy wordes: as he that hath founde many spoyles.
I haue hated iniquite/and haue abhorred it: but thy lawe I haue loued.
Seuyn tymes in a daye haue I prayed the: vpō the iudgementes of thy ryghtwyslenes.
Great peace is to them that loue thy law: & there is no sclaunder in them.
I loked for thy saluacyon/o lorde: and I loued thy cōmaundementes.
My soule hath kepte thy testymonies: and hath loued them greatly.
I haue kepte thy cōmaundementes and thy testymonies: for all my wayes are in thy syght.
O lorde let my prayer approche nere in thy syght: gyue me vnderstandynge: accordyng to thy promyse.
O lorde let my prayer entre in to thy syght: delyuer me/accordynge to thy promyse.
My lyppes shal powre forth thy prayse: when thou hast taught me thy iustyfycacyons.
My tongue shall shewe forth thy promyse: for all thy cōmaundementes is equite.
Let thy hande be redy to helpe me: forbycause I haue chosen thy cōmaundementes.
O lorde I haue desyred thy helth: and thy lawe is my meditacyon.
My soule shall lyue/and shall prayse the: & thy iudgementes shall helpe me.
I haue wandered lyke a shepe/whiche is lost/o lorde seke out thy seruaunt/for I haue not for-

getten thy cõmaundementes.

Lorde gyue them eternall reste: & let contynuall lyght shyne vnto them.

Lorde haue mercy on vs. Chryste haue mercy on vs. Lorde haue mercy on vs. Our father whiche arte in heuyn. Hayle mary full of grace.

LOrde thou hast proued me/and knowē me: thou haste knowen my downe syttynge & vprysynge.

Thou haste perceyued my thoughtes a farre of: my pathe and the strynge of my lyfe thou hast searched out.

And all my wayes thou haste prouyded: so that there is not one worde on my tongue.

Lo lorde thou hast knowen all thynges bothe newe and olde: thou hast fourmed me/& put thy hande vpon me.

The conuyng that thou hast wrought on me is merueylous: it is wrought so that I cā not attayne in to it.

Whyther shal I go frō thy spyryt: and whyther shall I flye from thy face.

If I shal ascende vp to heuyn/thou arte there & yf I shal descende downe in to hel: thou art also present.

If I shall take my wynges in the morynge: and shall dwell in the farthest coostes of the see.

yet shall thy hāde brynge me frō thens: and thy ryght hande shall holde me.

And I haue sayd peradūture the darknes shal treade me vnder feete: & the nyght is my lyght

in thy delytes.

For the darkenes shall not be hyd frō the / and the nyght shall be as lyght as the day: for as his lyght is / so is his darkenes.

For thou hast possessed my raynes: thou hast taken me from the wombe of my mother.

I shall confesse to the / that thou arte terryble & meruaylous: thy workes be wonderous / and my soule knoweth it to well.

My bones is not hydde frō the / which thou hast made preuyly: my substaūce within the in warde partes of the earth.

Thyne eyes haue sene myne imperfectenes: and in thy boke are wryten: all dayes they were fourmed and no man was in them.

O god thy frendes ar greatly honoured of me & the cheyf of them is ouer moche strengthed.

I shall nombre the / and they shall be mu[ltiplied] aboue the grauell: When I haue rysen vp / and with the.

O god yf thou woldest slee the synner dy men go ye away from me.

For ye say in your thought; they [take] theyr cytyes.

Do not I hate them (good lord [that] was I not angry with thyne e[nemies] I haue hated them with a f[ull] the myne enymyes.

Proue me good lorde ar[ight] syon with me / and knor

And loke yf the way

hynge me in to the way euerlastynge.
The verse. Lorde gyue them eternall reste.
The answere. And let eternal lyght shyne vnto
them. The verse. Frō the gates of hell. The answe.
Lorde delyuer theyr soules. The verse. I truste to
se the goodes of the lorde. The answere. In the
lande of the lyuynge. The verse. Lorde heare my
prayer. The answere. And let my crye come
vnto the.

¶ The prayer.

O the lorde we cómende the soules of thy
seruauntes/bothe men and women: so that
they that be deade to the worlde may lyue to the
and all the synnes that they haue commytted by
frayle of worldely conuersacyon: thou lorde wa-
she them away/by the forgyuenes of thy moost
mercyfull pyte. By Cheyst our lorde.
[illegible]ue mercy on al christen soules. So be it.

The prayer of the prophet Jonas de-
liuered out of the whales bely.

I In my affliccyon I cryed vn-
to the lorde: & he answered
me. Euyn frō the bellye of hell I
cryed/and thou hardest my voyce/
& thou hadst throwen me forth
the myddes of the depell of the
and the waters closed me rō-
boute all thy great waters
ue/& I thought/sayenge
ut of thy syghe/I shall
le: for waters haue ch-
le. The darke depth

closed me in/and the foule fynkynge wedes of the see couered my heade. ¶ I sanke downe vn-
der the hylles so that the waters barred me out
from the earth for euer: and thou dyddest preser-
ue my lyfe from destruccyon (oh lorde my god)
when my soule fayled me/yet ¶ remembred the
lorde/and my prayer came vnto thy holy temple.
They that are gyuen to vanites and lyes/haue
lost theyr mercy from god/but ¶ shal offre vnto
the lorde prayse/and shall perfourme my vowes
to the lorde/whiche is a sauyoure.

## ¶ The argument of the psalmes of the passyon.

HOr almoch as in these psalmes folowyng
dyuerse prophecyes concernyng the passyon/
death and resurrecyon of our sauyoure Chryste
are conteyned/therfore are they called psalmes
of the passyon: wherin Dauid expressyng/& beyng
the figure of Chryste/with fyrst/as it were in a
longe/record and expresse his great delecyon &
downefal/& after that his sodeyn exaltacyon and
ryslyng agayne/the confucyon of his aduersaries
the restorynge of his kyngdome with the encrease
and dilatynge of the same/euyn to the vttermost
parte of the earth/and fynally the contynuaunce
therof vnto the worldes ende. And euyn so dyd
our mediatour Chryst/fyrst suffre the death of
the crosse/whiche to the face of the worlde was
ryght shameful and sclaunderous/ and after
that rose agayne with hygh glory and tryumphe/

The argument of the psalmes of ꝑ psallyō.

when he hadde obteyned victory agayn̄ the deuyll/death/and synne/& delyuer his kyngedome (whyche is the Churche) from the thraldome & vtlygacyon and bonde of death in the whyche it was wrapped by the offence of Adā/and destroyed the Churche Malygnant/the kyngdome and Synagoge of Sathan with the myghty spiryte of his mouthe/I meane the vertue of his euerlastynge worde/wherby he shall preserue and contynue his sayde kyngdome or Churche vnto ꝑ worldes ende. Whyche as he dyd at the begynnynge by his apostles/so shal he by his true preachers dilate and extende the same in to all the costes of the worlde/and at the latter resurrecyon/shall delyuer it vp vnto his father/pure and vnspotted/to be immortally glorysyed in body and soule: euyn as verily as he hym selfe arose agayn̄ frō death/ and ascended vnto his father in body and soule eternally to reygne with hym in heuyn.

The psalmes of the psallyon.

Deus deus meus respice.

The .xxij. psalme.

For dogges compasse me aboute: the counsell of cuyll men haue beset me.

They haue bored my handes and my feete: they haue nombred all my bones.

They truely haue consydered and loke vpō me: and haue deuyded amonge them my garmentes: and vpon my cote they haue cast lottes.

Prolonge not good lorde thy helpe from me: but loke vnto my defence.

Delyuer my soule frō the swerde: and myne onely soule from the hande of the dogge.

Saue me from the mouth of the lyon: and my humylite from the hornes of vnycornes.

I shal shewe thy name to my brethren & I shal prayse the in the myddes of the cōgregacyon.

Ye that feare the lorde prayse ye hym: all the hole seede of Jacob glorifye ye hym.

Let all the seede of Israel feare hym: for he despyseth not/nor tourneth his face from the prayer of the poore.

Neyther turneth he awaye his face frō me: and when I cryed vnto hym he hath herde me.

At the shall my prayse be in the great congregacyon: I shal yelde vp my vowes in the syght of them that feare hym.

The poore men eate/and they shall be satisfyed/and they shall prayse the lorde: that seke after hym: theyr hertes mouthe lyue worlde with ende.

All the coostes of the earth shall remembre themselues/and shall be conuerted to the lorde.

And all the familyes of the gentyles shall do worshyp in his presence.

For to the lorde apperteyneth kyngdome and he shall rule the people.

All the ryche men of the earth haue eaten and worshypped hym: all that shal descende in to the earth/ shall bowe downe in his syght.

And my soule shall lyue to hym: & my seede shall serue hym.

The generacyon to come shal be shewed to the lorde: and the heuyns shal shew the iustyce that he hath done to the people that shall be borne.

Dominus regit me. The lorde ruleth me. &c ye shall fynde in the Dirige.

Domini est terra. &c. The eart his the lordes this psalme is in the Matyns.

Ad te domine leuaui. Unto the lorde haue. &c this psalme is in the Dirige.

Iudica me domine. The .xxvi. psalme.

Iudge me good lorde / for I haue entred in myn innocencye: and trustynge in the lorde/ I shall not be made weyke.

Proue me good lorde and tempte me/ bothe my raynes and my herte.

For thy mercy is before myne eyes: and I haue delyted in thy trouth.

I haue not syttren with a vayne counsell neyther shall I medle with them that do vnlustily.

I haue hated the congregacyon of the malygnāt: and with the vngodly I shal not sytte.

I shall wasshe my handes amonge the innocen:

tes:& I shal compasse aboute thy aultare/o lorde
That I may hear the voyce of thy laud and that
I may shewe forth all thy wonderous workes.
Lorde I haue loued the beautye of thy house:&
the dwellynge place of thy glory.
O god destroy not my soule with the wycked:nor
my lyfe with bloudthyrsty.
In whose handes is wyckednesse:& their ryght
hande is fylled with bribes.
I truely haue entred in myne innocencye/redeme
me/and haue mercy vpon me.
My god hath stande ryght vp/o lorde:in the con
gregacyons I shall prayse the.
Dominus illuminatio mea. The lorde is my
lyght.&c. ye shal fynde it in the Dirige.
Ad te domine clamabo. The.xxviii.Psalme.
O Lorde I shall cry to the/o god my god/be
not longe sylent towarde me/leste & when
thou shalt holde thy peace to me/I shall be lyke=
ned to them that descende downe in to the lake.
O good lorde heare & voyce of my prayer/whyle
I pray to the:whyle I lyfte vp my handes vnto
thy holy temple.
That thou delyuer me not amonge the synners
& that thou do not loose me amonge theym that
worke iniquite.
Whyche speake peace to their neyghbour:and
their hertes be full of euyll.
Geue vnto thē accordynge to their workes and
accordynge to the wyckednes of their inuēcyōs
rewarde them.

Gyue vnto them accordynge to the workes of theyr handes so gyue them theyr rewarde.
For because they haue not vnderstãde the workes of the lorde/and in the workes of theyr hande/thou shalte destroy them/and thou shalt not edifye them.
The lorde is blessed for he hath herd the voyce of my complaynt.
The lord is my helper and my defender:& in hym hath my herte trusted/and I haue ben holpen.
And my flesshe hath reflorysshed:and I shall be confessed to hym with al my wyll.
The lorde is the strength of his people:and he is the defender of the helth of his anoynted.
O good lorde make safe thy people:& blesse thyne heritaige:and gouerne them and extolle thē for euer.
Afferte domino filij. The.xxviij.psalme.
Bringe to the lord/o ye sones of god/bryng to the lorde the sones of rammes.
Bringe ye to the lorde glory and honour:bryng ye to the lorde the glory of his name:prayse ye the lorde in his holy courte.
The voyce of the lorde/vpō the waters:the god of maiestye hath thondered/the lorde ouer many waters.
The voyce of the lorde in vertue:the voyce of the lorde in excellencye.
The voyce of the lorde breakynge ꝑ Cedre trees and the lord shal breake euyn the Cedre trees of Lybany.

And he shall destroy them lyke a calfe of lybany and he is loued lyke as the sones of vnicornes.

The voyce of the lorde cuttyng the flãbes of fyre the voyce of the lorde beatynge the desarte & the lorde shall meue the deserte Cades.

The voyce of the lorde preparyng hertes: and he shal open the thycke places: and i his temple all men shall gyue glory.

The lorde maketh the great floude to inhabyt: and he shall reygne kynge for euer.

The lorde shall gyue vertue vnto his people: the lorde shall blesse his people in peace.

Exaltabo te domine qñ. The .xxix. Psalme.

I Shall exalte the (O lorde) for thou hast defended me: neyther hast thou suffered myn enemyes to haue theyr pleasure vpon me.

O lorde my god/I haue cryed vnto the: & thou hast healed me.

Lorde thou hast brought my soule out of the lowe place: thou hast preserued me from thē that descende in to the pyte.

Synge vnto the lorde ye that be his sayntes: & confesse ye the memory of his holynes.

For there is vengeaūce in his displeasure: and lyfe in his pleasure.

At the euenynge mournynge shall contynue: & in the mornynge gladnesse.

Verily I sayd in my welthynesse: I shall neuer more be moued.

Lorde through thy good wyll thou hast lente strength vnto my beauty.

Thou turnest thy face from me: and I was al
astonyed.
Unto the lorde shall I crye: & shall make prayer
vnto my god.
What profyte is there in my blonde/whē I shall
descende in to corrupcyon.
Shall dust make knowledge vnto the: or shal it
publysshe thy trouth.
The lorde hath herde/ & hath had mercy on me:
and the lorde is made myne helper.
Thou hast tourned my sorowe i to ioye: thou ha
ste cutte my sacke/and haste compassed me with
gladnesse.
To the ende that my glory myght syng to the
and myght not be pryckte: o my lorde god/I shall
euermore confesse the.
In te domine speraui. The .xxx. Psalme
IN the lorde haue I trusted/let me not be
confounded for euer/delyuer me i thy rygh:
tousnesse.
Inclyne thyne eare vnto me: make haste to de:
lyuer me.
Be thou to me a god: and a protectour: & a place
of refuge/that thou mayst make me sake.
For thou art my strength and my refuge: & for
thy names sake thou shalte cōduyte me/& shalte
norysshe me.
Thou shalt bringe me out of the snare: whyche
they haue layde preuyly for me: for thou arte my
protectour.
In to thy handes/o lorde/do I cōmende my spi:

vite:o lorde god of trueth thou hast redemed me.
The anthene. Chryst was made obedient for vs
vnto death/euyn vnto the death of the crosse.
The verse. Holy mother of god pray to thy sone.
The answere. That we may be enabled to his
promyssyon. The verse. Greatly to be prayesed is
Johan the Euangelyst. The answere. Whyche
leaned on the brest of Jesu Chryste. Prayer.
BEgarde we beseche the lord/this thy house:
holde/for the whyche our lorde Jesu chryst
hath not doubted to be delyuered to the handes
of euyll doers/& to suffre the payne of the Crosse.
Lorde Jesu chryst I beseche the of thy goodnes
to accepte the interessiō of the glorious virgyn
Mary/thy moost holy mother/for vs bothe nowe
and at the houre of death/whose moost blessed
herte the swerde of sorowe dydde pearce at the
houre of thy passyon.
Lorde god we beseche the/that the prayer of
blessed Saynt Johan thy apostle and Euaunge:
lyst may be euer auaylable to vs bothe nowe and
at the houre of death: to whom when thou wast
dyeng on the crosse/dydest commende the virgyn
thy mother. Whyche lyuest and reygnest/O god
worlde without ende. So be it.
The glorypous passyon of our lorde Jesu Chryst
delyuer vs from sorowfull heuynesse: and bryng
vs to the ioyes of paradyse. So be it.
To the holy and indiuisible Trinyte/to the hu:
manyte of Jesu Chryst crucifyed/and to the glo:
ryous virgyn Mary/glory infinite be gyuen of

euery creature worlde without ende. So be it.

HAil hayle moost benygne Jesu / full of mercy and grace. Blessed be thy passyon deathe & woundes / and blyssed be the bloude of thy body. Lord haue mercy on me wretched synner. Swoost swete lord gyue vnto me a cleane & a cõtrite herte quiete & pacient: a body chaste / humble / obedient / and stable / and alwaye redy to thy seruyce wt which lyuest and reygnest god / worlde without ende. So be it.

¶ The argument of saynt Hieroms Psalter.

BYcause it is vnknowen who fyrst gathered all the verses togyther that we call saynt Hieroms Psalter / therfore of the begynnynge & purpose of the seruyce / I can declare nothynge for certayne: for though it go forth vnder the name of saynt hierom; yet is it vncertayne whether euer he were author therof or not / seynge it doth not so appere by any of his workes: nor by any other approued hystory but only a rubryke that is setre before it in latyn / which maketh mẽcyon that the angel of god shulde teache it hym / with forthe other pyety persuasions. But who soeuer were the maker therof / true it is / that ỹ redynge therof is not vnfruytfull.

¶ The Psalter of saynt Hierome.

Auribus percipe domine.

HYde perceyue my wordes with thyne eares vnderstande thou my complaynt. O my kynge / my god / intende to the voyce of my prayer.

O good lorde reproue me not in thyne ire: nor in thy fury do not chastyce me.

Haue mercy on me good lorde/for I am sycke: hele me good lorde: for al my bones ar troubled.

And my soule is greatly troubled: but o lorde how longe.

Tourne the good lorde & delyuer my soule: make me saue for thy mercy.

Loke vpon me and heare me/o lorde my god.

Illumyne myne eyes that I slepe not in death.

Perfourme my goinges in thy pathes: that my steppes may not be remoued.

I haue cryed out for thou hast hard me: o god incline thyne eare to me/and heare my wordes.

Make thy mercy meruaylous: thou which sauest them that truste in the.

Kepe me good lorde lyke the balle of thyne eye: defende me vnder the shadow of thy wynges: frō the face of the wycked whiche haue troubled me.

Cleanse me good lorde from my secretes: and frō straunge thynges spare thy seruaunt.

But thou good lorde let not thy helpe be farre from me: loke vnto my defence.

O god delyuer my soule frō the swerde: and my only soule from the hande of the dogge.

Saue me frō the mouthe of the lyon: and my humylyte from the hornes of vnycornes.

I shall shewe thy name to my brethrene in the myddes of the congregacyon I shal prayse the.

O lorde make thy wayes knowen vnto me: and teache me the pathes & direct me in thy trueth.

Haue myynde good lorde of thy mercyes: and of thy mercyfulnes whyche haue ben frō the begynnyng of the worlde.

The offences of my youth/and myn ygnorauncys do not remembre good lorde.

Accordynge to thy mercy haue remembraunce of me: for thy trueth good lorde.

Hor thy names sake thou shalt take pyte of my synne: for why it is great.

Beholde my humylyte and my labour: and forgyue all myne offences.

Destroy not my soule (o god) with the wycked: nor my lyfe with the bloudshyeders.

Lorde heare my voyce/with the whyche I haue cryed to the: haue mercy on me and heare me.

Turne not thy face from me: nor i thy wrath do not swarue from thy seruaunt.

Good lord be thou my helper/do not forsake me nor despyse me: o god/my heale.

O good lorde set me a law in thy way: and direct me in thy ryght path/for feare of my enemyes.

Delyuer me not at the pleasure of thē that trouble me: for they haue ryslen agaynst me.

To the/o lorde I crye/o my god/be not sylent towarde me: nor do ꝙ not at anye tyme go awaye from me: for then I shalbe lyke to them that descende in to the lake.

O good lorde heare the voyce of my prayer/whyle I praye to the/whyle I lyft vp my handes to thy holy temple.

Delyuer not me amonge the synners: nor do not

destroye me with them that worke iniquite.
O lorde make safe thy people and blysse them in-
heritaunce.
And gouerne them and extoll them for euer.
In the lorde haue I trusted/let me neuer be con-
founded:in the ryghtnoulnes delyuer me.
Incline to me thy ere:make hast to delyuer me.
Be thou to me a god/a defender:and in the hou-
se of refuge:that thou mayst make me safe.
In to thy handes (good lorde) do I commende
my spyryte.
Delyuer me and take me frō the hādes of myne
enemyes.
Alnyghten thy face vpon thy seruaūt:make me
safe in thy merry good lorde/let me not be confo-
unded/for bycause I haue trusted in the.
Let thy merry lorde be done vpon vs:lyke as we
haue trusted in the.
I shal blesse the lorde in euery tyme: his prayse
shall be euer in my mouthe.
My soule shal be praysed in the lorde:the meke
shall heare/and they shal be glad.
Magnifye ye the lord with me/and let vs exalte
his name in to it selfe.
O lorde iudge thē that hurte me/and ouercome
them that be agaynst me.
Take vp weapons and a shelde/and ryse vnto
my helpe.
Be not sylent/o lorde/nor do not departe from
me/and aryse and intende in to my iudgement/
my god and my lorde intende to my cause.

Iudge me good lorde/and my god/accordynge to my ryghtuousnes.

Stretche forth good lorde/thy mercy to thē that knowe the:and thy ryghtuousnes to thē whiche be of good mynde.

Let not the foote of pryde come to me:nor let not the hande of a synner moue me.

Heare myn oracyō good lorde and my prayer receyue them in thyn eares/whyles I wepe.

Be not sylent/because I am but a straūger with the and a pilgrym:lyke as al my forefathers.

Spare me that I myght breath a lytel before I go:and shall neuer be here more.

But thou good lorde/let not thy helpe be longe from me:thy mercy and thy trueth haue euer defended me.

For so many myscheues haue cōpassed me that they can not be nōbred:myn iniquites haue comprehended me/and I had no power to se them.

They haue ben multiplied more thē the heeres of my heade:and my herte hath forsaken me.

May it please the good lorde to delyuer me:good lorde loke to my helpe.

For truely I am nedy and poore:good lorde take cure of me.

Thou arte my helper and my defender(o my god) be not slowe.

I haue sayd(o lorde)haue mercy vpon me:heale my soule/for I haue synned agaynst the.

Aryse vp lorde why doest thou slombre: aryse & do not repelle me to the ende.

Wherfore turnest thou away thy face/and forgettest our nedynes/and our tribulacyons.
Aryse vp lorde helpe vs: and delyuer vs for thy names sake.
Haue mercy on me o god: accordyng to thy great mercy.
And accordyng to the multitude of thy mercyes put away my wyckednes.
And wasshe me cleane fro̅ myne vnrighteousnes: and cleanse me from my faultes.
For I do knowe myne iniquite: and my synne is euer agaynst me.
I haue synned to the alonly/& I haue done euyll before the/that thou myghtest be iustyfyed in all thy wordes: and that thou mayst ouercome when thou shalte be iudged.
Lo̅ surely I am co̅ceyued in iniquite: and my mother hath conceyued me in synnes.
Lo truely thou hast loued trueth: the vncertayne and the secrete thynges of thy wysdome thou hast magnifyed to me.
Thou shalte sprynkle me good lorde with hyssope/and I shal be made cleane: thou shalt wasshe me/and I shall be made whyther then snowe.
To my hearyng thou shalte gyue ioye & gladnes and the humbled bones shall sprynge for ioye.
Tourne thy face awaye from my synnes and put away all myne iniquite.
O god create i me a cleane herte: & renne a ryght spirite in my bowelles.
Put me not away from thy face/nor take not

away thy holy spirite from me.

Gyue vnto me the gladnes of thy healthe/and cō
fyrme me with thy principall spirite.

O lorde thou shalte opē my lyppes/& my mouthe
shall shewe thy prayse.

O god make me safe in thy name/and in thy ver
tue iudge me.

O god heare my prayer/and with thyne eares re
ceyue the wordes of my mouth.

For straungers haue ryssen agaynst me/& stroge
men haue soughte my soule/& they haue set god
before theyr syghte.

O god heare my requeste/and do not despyse my
prayer/intende to me and heare me.

In god I prayse the worde/in the lorde I shal
prayse the speche/I haue trusted in god/I shal
not feare anythynge that man can do to me.

O god I me ben the vowes/whiche I shall yelde
vnto the prayse of thee.

For thou hast deliuered my soule frō death my
feete frō fallynge/that I may please before god
in the lande of the lyuynge.

Haue mercy on me good lord/haue mercy on me
for my soule trusteth in thee.

And I shall trust I the shadowe of thy wynges/
vntyll iniquite ouerpasse.

Take me from them that worke iniquite/and sa:
ue me from bloudshedders.

For lo they haue taken my soule/the stronge ha
ue fallen vpon me.

I truely haue made my prayer to thee o god/in

tyme acceptable.

In the multitude of thy merryes heare me: in thy
verytie of thy healthe.

Helpe me out of the claye/that I sticke not fast/
delyuer me from them that hate me: and frō the
depnes of waters.

Let not the tempest of water drowne me: nor let
not the depnes swalowe me by: nor let not the
pyt open his mouthe vpon me.

Heare me good lorde/for thy merry is bounte-
ous: loke vpon me/accordynge to the multitude
of thy merryes.

Intende to my soule & delyuer it/take me away
for feare of myne enemyes.

O god intende to my helthy: lorde make hast to
helpe me.

For I truly am redy & poore/o god helpe me.

O lorde be thou my helper and my delyuerer: do
not tary.

In the o lorde haue I trusted/let me not be cons
founded for euer: in thy ryghtousnes delyuer me.

Inclyne thyne eare to me/and heale me.

Be thou to me a god and a defender: and in stede
of a bulwerke that thou mayst make me safe.

My god delyuer me from the handes of a synner:
and from the handes of a wycked mā/that wor-
keth agaynst the lawe.

Let my mouthe be fulfylled with prayse: that I
may synge thy glory all the daye longe/and thy
magnifycence.

Caste me not away in the tyme of my age: when

my strength shall sayle me forsake not me.
O god kepe not thy selfe afarre from me: o my god/loke to my helpe.
I truely shall hope in the: and I shall euer adde aboue all thy laude.
D eiuer not to bestes the soules of thē that confesse the: and the soules of thy poore men do not forget at length.
L oke vpon thy testament/for they be fulfylled whiche haue endarked the earth/with the houses of iniquite.
H elpe vs o god our sauyour: and for the glory of thy name o lorde deliuer vs/and be mercyfull to our synnes/for thy names sake.
A ryse vp thy power and come: that thou maylie make vs sauke.
O lorde god of vertues conuert vs/and shew thy face/and we shall be sauke.
C onuerte vs/o god our sauyour/& turne away thy wrathe from vs.
W hylt thou be wrath with vs for euer/or wylt thou extende thyne ire frō generacyō and pgeny.
O god thou beynge turned shalt quycke vs: and thy people shall ioye in the.
O lorde shewe vs thy mercy: and gyue vs thy healthe.
O lorde lcyne thyn eare/and heare me for I am nedy and poore.
K epe my soule/for I am a synner/o my god make hole thy seruaunt/that trusteth in the.
H aue mercy on me good lorde: for I haue cryed

to ꝯ all ꝯ day: englade ꝯ soule of thy seruaūte/for: bycause/o lorde I haue lyfted vp my soule vnto the. And thou lorde god arte a mynyster of mer: cy/and arte merycfull: pytifull / pacyent / and of moche mercy/and also true.
Loke vpō me/and haue mercy on me: gyue thy: ne Empere to thy chylde: and make safe the ser: uaunt of thyne handemayde.
Make me a sygne in goodnes/ that they that ha ue hated me may se me/ ꝯ be cōfounded: for thou good lorde haste holpē me/ and hast cōforted me.
O lorde god of my healthe/ I haue cryed to the in the daye/ and in the nyght before the.
Let my prayer entre in to thy syght: inclyne thy ne eare vnto my prayer.
O lorde where be thyne olde merryes: lyke as ꝯ haste swore ne to Dauyd in the trueth.
O lorde haue in mynde the obbrobry of thy ser: uaunt/ whiche I haue conteyned in my bosom of many people.
Turne agayne lorde yet hytherto: and vouchsa: fe that thy seruaunt myght pray to the.
And let the glory of the lorde our god be vpon vs/ ꝯ vpon the workes of our handes directe vs/ and directe the workes of our handes.
O lorde heare my prayer: and let my crye come vnto the.
Tourne not away thy face from me: in what daye soeuer I am troubled: inclyne thyne eare vnto me.
In what daye soeuer I shall calle vpō the: hear:

me with spede.
And leade me not forth in the myddest of my dayes/ from generacyon in to the generacyon of thy yeare.
And thou lorde do good vnto me for thy names sake/for thy mercy is swete.
O lorde delyuer me/for I am nedy and poore: & my herte is troubled within me.
I am vanysshed away lyke a shadow / when it declyneth: & I am crushed togyther lyke a locust.
Helpe me o god my god / and saue me for thy mercye.
Rewarde thy seruaunt/quycken me: and obserue thy wordes.
Open myne eyes/and I shal consydre the meruayles of thy lawe.
I am but a straunger in the earth: hyde not thy commaundementes from me.
My soule hath alwayes desyred to knowe thy ryghtuousnes.
Thou hast blamed the proude: they be cursed that declyne from thy commaundementes.
Take away from me rebuke and contempte: for I haue sought after thy lawes.
For princes haue syttē & spoken agaynst me.
The way of iniquite remoue from me: and of thy lawe haue mercy on me.
I haue chosen the way of trouth: I haue not forgotten thy iudgementes.
Leade me in to the pathe of thy commaundementes: for that is that I wolde.

Inclyne myne herte in to thy lawes/ and not to couetyse.
Turne awaye myne eyes that they se not vanyte:and quycken me in thy way.
Make sure thy seruaunt in thy worde:in the fea re of the.
Teache me goodnes lernynge/and scyence: for I haue beleued thy commaundementes.
Thou arte good/and in thy goodnes teache me thy iustyfycacyons.
Let thy mercye be that it may erdre me / accor dynge to thy promyse to thy seruaunt.
Let thy mercyes come to me: & I shal lyue / for thy lawe is my meditacyon.
Let my herte be imaculate in thy iustyfycacyõs/ that I be not confounded.
O lorde I am brought lowe on al partes quyc ken me accordynge to thy worde.
O lorde lette the volũtarye thynges of thy mou the be acceptable vnto the: & teache me thy iud gementes.
My soule is euer in my handes:and I haue not forgotten thy lawe.
Take me accordydge to thy promyse / & I shall lyue:and thou shalte not confounde me / other wyse then I loked for.
Helpe me/and I shall be safe/and I shall be oc cupyed in thy meditacyons.
Do to thy seruaunt accordynge to the mercy: & teache me thy iustyfycacyons.
I am thy seruaunt/ gyue me vnderstandynge:

that I may knowe thy wyll.
Loke vpon me & haue mercy vpō me/accordyng to the iudgementes of them that loue thy name.
Dyrecte my steppes accordynge to thy promyse: and no iniquite shall ouercome me.
Bylde me from the imaryes of mē: that I may kepe my commaundementes.
Lyghten thy face vpon thy seruaunt: teache me thy iustyfycacyons.
Beholde my humilyte/and delyuer me: for I haue not forgotten thy lawe.
Iudge my iudgement and redeme me/quycken me for thy promyse.
O lorde lette my prayer approche neve in thy syght: delyuer me accordynge to thy promyse.
Let my prayer entre in to thy syght: delyuer me accordynge to thy promyse.
My lyppes shal powre forth thy prayse/when ꝯ hast taught me thy iustyfycacyons.
My tongue shall shewe forth thy worde for all thy commaundementes is equite.
Let thy hāde be redy to helpe me: forbycause I haue chosyn thy commaundementes.
Olorde I haue desyred thy healthe: & thy lawe is my meditacyon.
My soule shall lyue and shall prayse the: and thy iudgementes shall helpe me.
I haue wandered lyke a shepe/that was losse: o lorde seke out thy seruaunt/for I haue not forgotten thy commaundementes.
Haue mercy on me lorde/haue mercy on me/for

we be replete full of contempte.
Good lorde do well to the that be good / and of ryght mynde.
O lorde turne away our captyuyte/as a ryuer in the southe wynde.
I haue cryed to the from the hyest places:o lorde hear my prayer.
Let thyne eares be entendynge to the voyce of my prayer.
In what day soeuer I shall call vpō the/heare me/thou shalte encrease strengthe in my soule.
O lorde set a keper ouer my mouth/ and a dore ouer my lyppes.
Declyne not myne herte in to wordes of malyce/to make excuses in synne.
Intende to my prayer:for I am humbled very moche.
Delyuer me from the that prsecute me:for they haue preuayled agaynst me.
Bringe my soule forth of prylon/that it may cō fesse thy name.
O lorde heare my prayer/receyue my request in to thyn eares/heare me in thy ryghteousnes.
And thou shalte not entre with thy seruaste in iudgement/for there is none lyuynge/that cā be iustifyed in the syght of the.
For myne enemye hath prsecuted my soule:and hath humbled my lyfe in the earth.
He hath set me in darkenes lyke the dead men of the worlde:& my soule is greued within me/in me my herte is troubled.

I haue I nilde myne olde dayes/I haue thoughte vpon al thy wozkes: and vpon al the wozkes of thy handes I muled.
I haue caste myne hādes abzode to the(o my soule)lyke the earth without water.
Heare me quyckly good lozde/foz my spyzite fayleth.
Thou shalt not tourne away thy face from me: & I shal be lyke them that go downe in to a lake.
Let thy mercy be knowen to me: becyme foz I haue trusted in the.
Let me knowe the waye/in whiche I shall walke: foz I haue lyfte vp my soule to the.
Deliuer me lozde from myn enemyes: I haue fled to the: teache me to do thy wyll/foz thou arte my god.
Thy good spyzyte shall bzynge me in to the ryght lande: foz thy name thou shalte quycken me in thy ryghteousnes.
Thou shalte bzynge my soule out of tribulacyon: and in thy mercy thou shalte destroye all myne enemyes.
And thou shalt destroy all that trouble my soule foz I am thy seruaunt. ¶ The prayer.
Graste I beseche the lozde god/that by the holy melody of this heuynly plalter/my soule may be refreshed. Graste that the rozyng lyō may be ouercom of the feble shepe. Graunt that by thy grace/the mooste violet spirite may be subdued of the weyke flesshe. Graste that he/whiche fell from heuyn may be vāquyshed here thzough

my fyghtynge. Graunt that thoughe we abyde his tyranny/thrughe thy sufferaūce for a season/ that yet we be not swalowed vp with his vnsaciable iawes. Cause hym to be sory for mannes saluacyon/whiche alwayes reioyseth at our fall. Cause me alwayes to applye my selfe to thy prayenge/and at length ioyfully to come to thy blyssednes/whiche lyuest and reygnest god worlde without ende. So be it.

## ¶ A prayer to sayne Hierom.

### Amator humani.

O God the louer of mankynde/whiche by thyne electe seruaunt and bysshop sayne hierō hast renewed in the worlde the gyft of tongues: wherwith in tyme passed thou dydest heuenly instructe thyne apostles/for the prealynge of thy gospel by thym holy spirite: graūte that in all tongues/and in all places/all mē may ꝓclame the glory of thyne onely begotten sone Jesu/for to confounde the tonges of false apostles/whiche conspyrynge togyther/do buyld the cursed toure of Babylō/labourynge to darken thy glorye whylest they procure to exalte theyr owne/where as all

glory is due onely to ꝯ with our lorde Jesu thy sone worlde without ende. So be it.

¶ Whē thou shalte receyue the sacrement. Domine non sum dignus vt intres sub tectum.

O mercyfull lorde/I am not worthy that ꝯ shuldest en-

tre in to my synfull house yet not withstandynge thou hast sayd: who that eatery my flesshe & drynketh my blonde/he dwellerth in me/ and I in hym. wherfore lorde haue thou mercy vpon me synner/ by the receyuyng of this thy body/flesshe & blonde. And that I receyue it not to my dāpnacion/but thrugh thy mercy/to the helth of my soule/and in the remyssyon of my synnes/thrugh thy paynful passyon. So be it.

¶ When thou hast receyued it.

Vera perceptis corporis et sanguinis tui.

THe very true receyuynge of thy gloryous body of flesshe & blonde/my souereygne lorde oportet is/that I cast the not forth agayne to my dāpnacyon & iudgemēt/but that I may obteyne therby remyssyon of my synnes: & that I may lyue in charytable lyfe/whyles I am here lyuyng/ so that I may herę after come to the eternall lyfe/by thy vertue and grace.

¶ The prayer of saynt Bernardyne.

O bone Jesu/O dulcis Jesu.

O Bostefull Jesu. O swete Jesu. O iesu the sone of the pure virgyn Mary: full of mercy and trueth. O swete iesu/after thy great mercy haue pyte vpon me. O beloyngne iesu/I pray the by the same precyous blonde whyche for vs myserable synners/thou wast contente to shedde at the auter of the crosse/that thou vouchesafe clesne to anoyde al my wyckednes/& not to

delyuce me hūbly this requyrynge/and vpon thy moost holy name Iesus callynge. This name Iesus/ is the name of helth. What is Iesus/but a sauyour? O good Iesu that hast me created: and with thy p̄cious bloude redemed/ suffre me not to be dāpned/ whō of nought thou hast made. O good Iesu/let not my wyckednes destroye me/that thy almyghty goodnes made & fourmed. O good Iesu reknowledge that is thyn i me: and wype clene away/that cloyneth me frō the. O good Iesu: when tyme of mercye is/haue mercy vpō me: nor destroye me not i tyme of thy terryble iudgemēt. O good Iesu yt I a wretched synner/for my moost greuous offences/haue by thy very iustyce: deserued eternall payne/ yet I appell from thy very ryghtuousnes/and stedfastly trust in thyne inestable mercye: so as a mylde father/ and merryfull lorde oughte/take pytie vpon me. O good Iesu/what profyte is in my bloude/syns that I must descende into eternall corrupcyon? Certeynly/they that ben deade shall not magnifye the nor lykewyse al they that go to hell. O moost merryfull Iesu/ haue mercy vpon me. O moost swete Iesu delyuer me. O moost meke Iesu/ be vnto me fauourable. O Iesu accept me a wretched synner/ in to the nombre of them that shal be saued. O Iesu the health of them that beleue in the/haue merry vpon me. O Iesu the swete forgyuenes of all my synnes. O Iesu the sone of the pure virgyn Mary/ endewe me with thy grace/wysdom charyte/chastyte/ and

hemplyterye & and in all myne aduerfytes/Wet[h]
de parȳcēcio that I may perfytely loue the/ and
in te to be glozyfyed/and haue my onely delyte in
the/wozlde wythout ende. So be it.

O Gloryous kynge/whyche amōgeſt thy layn
tes arte laudable/& neuertheleſſe incōpera
ble. Thou arte in vs/lozde/& thy holy name hath
bē called vpō by vs. Therfoze do not forſake vs
lozd god/& in the day of iudgement vouchſafe to
beſtowe vs among thy ſayntes and electe.
O bleſſed kynge.

¶ A prayer vnto the ymage of the body of
Chryſt. Conditoz celi et terre.

O Maker of heuē & earth kyng
of kynges/& lozde of lozdes/
whyche of nothyng dyddeſt make
me to thy ymage & lykeneſſe/ and
dyddeſt redeme thyn owne blonde:
whom I a ſynner am not wozthy
to name: neyther to call vpō/ney-
ther wt̄ my herte to thynke vpon/
hūbly I deſyre the/& meklely pray
the/that gently thou beholde me/
thy wycked ſeruaūt/& haue mercy on me/whyche
hadeſt mercy on the woman of Canane/& of Mary
Magdalene/whyche dyddeſt forgyue the pu-
blycan/ and the theue hangynge on the croſſe.
vnto the I confeſſe oh mooſt holy father/ my
ſynnes/whyche yf I wolde/ I can not hyde from
the. Haue mercy on me Chryſte/ for I a wretch
haue ſore offended the/in pryde/in couetouſnes

in glotony/in lechery/in baynglory/I hatred/ in enuy/in adultery/in theste/in lyeng/in backeby tynge/in spoztyng/in dissolute and wantō laug= hynge/in ydle wozdes/in hearyng/in tastynge/in touchynge/in thynkynge/in slepynge/I wozkyn ge/and in always/in whiche ℑ a frayle mā / and mooste wzetched synner myght synne. ℭMy defaul te/my mooste greuous defaulte. Therfoze ℑ mooste humbly pzay and beleche thy getylnesse/whiche (foz my health) descended from heuyn which dyd holde vp Dauyd/that he shulde not fall in to syn ne. Haue merry on vs (O Chryste) the whiche dy= dest forgyue Peter/that dyd forsake the. Thou arte my creatour: & my helper/my maker/and my redemer: my gouernour/and my father: my lozde: my god: my kynge. Thou arte my hope/my truste: my gouernour: my helpe: my cōfozt: my strength: my defence: my redempcyon: my lyfe: my health/ my resurrecyon. Thou art my stedfastnes/my re fuge oz succoure: my lyght: and my helpe. ℑ mooste humbly and hertely desyze and pzaye the helpe me: defende me: make me strong and confozte me: make me stedfaste make me mery/gyue me lyght/ lyfte me: reuyue me agayne whiche am deade. Foz ℑ am thy makynge/& thy wozke. O h lozde: despyce me not: ℑ am thy seruaūte: thy bōde mā: all though euyll: although vnwozthy & a synner. But what soeuer ℑ am: whether ℑ be good oz badde: ℑ am euer thyne. Therfoze to whome shall ℑ flye: except ℑ flye vnto the: yt ꝓ cast me of: who shall oz wyll receyue me. yt ꝓ despyce me: & turne

thy face fro me. Who shall loke vpō me? And re-
cognises knowledge me (although vnworthy) to
mynge to the/although I be vyle & vncleane. For
yt I be vyle & vncleane/thou canst make me cle-
ne. yt I be sycke thou canst heale me. yt I be dea
de & buryed thou canst reuyue me. For thy mercy
is moche more thē myne iniquite. Thou canst for-
gyue me more thē I can offende. Therfore (oh lor
de) do not ryder/nor haue respecte to the nōbre
of my synnes / but accordynge to the great-
nes of thy mercy forgyue me and haue mercy on
me moost wretched synner. Saye vnto my soule/
I am thy health whyche saydest / I wyl not the
death of a synner/but rather that he lyue/and be
conuerted. Turne me oh lord: to the / and be not
angry with me/I pray the moost meke father/&
for thy great mercy/I moost humbly beseche the:
that thou bryng me to the blysse/that neuer shal
ceasse. So be it. ¶ A prayer for wysdō. Sap. ix. c.

Deus patrum nostrorū/et dominus mie.

O The god of our fathers god
of merry whyche hast made
all wt thy worde/& with thy wys-
dome hast constytuted man / to
haue dominyon vpon the creatu-
re whyche was made of the: to or-
der the world with equite and iu
stice / & with a dyrecte herte for
to iudgementes/gyue me the as-
sistent wysdome of thy seates/ and reiecte me
not from thy chyldren. For thy seruaunt am I/&

the sone of thy hande mayde/a man weyke and of lytle tyme and vnsuffycyent to the vnderstandynge of thy iudgement and lawes. Andyf any shall be of moost perfyte wysdome amonge the sones of men/yf thy wysdome onces flye frō hym/ he shal be counted and regarded at nought. Sende thy wysdome from thy holy heuyns/and from the seate of thy myghtynes that it maye be with me/and laboure with me/and that I may know what is acceptable before the. For she knoweth all/and vnderstandeth all and shall conduyt me sobrely in my workes/& shal kepe me in her power. And my wordes shalbe acceptable. So be it.

¶ The prayer of Salomon for wysdom.

iij. Reg. iij. Chapiter.

¶ Tu fecisti domine cum seruo tuo.

THou hast done (lorde) with thy seruaunt Dauid my father great mercy so ꝙ he walked in thy syght in trueth and iustice and ryght herte with the. Thou sauedest vnto hym thy great mercy/and gauest hym a sone sytteynge vpō his trone/as it is at this day. And nowe lorde god: thou hast made thy seruaūt to reygne in the roume of dauid my father. I am a very babe & knowe not myne entrynge nor my comynge out/& thy seruaūt is i the myddest of an infynite people whiche thou hast chosen/whiche can not be nombred nor tolled for ꝙ multitude. wherfore

thou shalte gyue to thy seruaunt an herte apte to
be taughte to entre he maye iudge thy people
and discerne betwyxte good and euyll. For who
can iudge thys people of thy people so many.

¶ For commynge of lyenge the prayer of
Salomon Prouer. xxx. Chapter.

Two thynges (lorde) haue
I requyred the that thou
wouldest not deny me vntyll I dye.
Remoue farre from me lyenges of lesynge ma-
ner farre from me. Pouerty or ry-
ches gyue me not. Onely gyue
is necessary for my lyuynge / lest
perchaūce beynge in full habou-
dance I myght be prouoked to
who is the lorde? Or compel-
I myght steale & forsweare the

the crueltye of the sayntes: for the
to be spoken with boldenes of her-
.

Ne des diuitias mihi tribuas sed victum meum et tenuem mihi.

Lorde thou hast made be-
all that
holy
ouer
my
be
and

ges of the earth be assembled/and the princes be gathered togyther agaynst ꝯ lorde and agaynst his chryste/for with out fayle there assembled in this cyte agaynst thy holy chylde iesu (whō thou dydest anoynt) Herode and ponce Pylate with the gētyles and people of Israel to do the thynges wt thy power & thy counseyl dydst determyne before to be done. And nowe lorde caste thyne eye vpon theyr manasses/and gyue to thy seruantes with all boldenes/power to speake thy worde/ extendynge thy hande to healynges/signes/& wonders to be wrought in the name of thy holy sone Iesu.

¶ The prayer of Chryste before his passyon for his churche in this worlde. Joh. xvij. Chap.

Pater venit hora/clarifica filium.

HAther the houre is come/ glorifye thy sone/that thy sone maye glorifye the. As thou gauest hym power of euery fleshe to the entente that all that thou gauest hym/ he myght gyue the euerlastyng lyfe. And this is euerlastyng lyfe that they knowe onely the for the trewe god/and whome thou sendest Iesu Chryste. I haue glorifyed the in earthe. I haue perfourmed the worke whiche thou gauest me to do/and now glorifye thou me father with thy selfe with the glory which I had before the worlde was made. I haue declared thy name to the men whome thou gauest me of the

worlde. They were thyne and thou gauest thē to me/ and they kepte my worde. Nowe they know that all that thou gauest me come from the. For the wordes which thou gauest me I gaue them/ and they toke them/ and knew verily that they came from the/ and they beleued that thou sentest me. For them I aske/ for the worlde I aske not/ but for theym whiche thou gauest me because they be thyne and all myne be thyne/ and thyne myne/ and I am glorified in them. And I am nowe no longer in the worlde: but they be in the worlde stylle: For I come to the/ holy father saue theym for thy names sake whome thou hast gyuen me/ that they maye be one as we be one. whē I was with them in the worlde/ I dyd kepe thē in thy name. Whome thou gauest me I kepte & none of them perysshed/ but onely the sone of perdycyon that the scripture myght be fulfylled. But nowe I come to the/ & these I speke in the worlde that they may haue my ioye fulfylled in them. I gaue them thy worde/ & the worlde hated them because they be not of the worlde: lyke as I am not of the worlde. I asked not that thou shuldest take them away out of the worlde/ but that thou kepe them from the wycked. They be not of the worlde/ lyke as I am not of the worlde. Make them holy in thy trueth. Lyke as thou hast sent me in to the worlde/ so haue I sente thē in to the worlde/ and for thē I do sanctifye my selfe/ that they also may be sanctifyed in the trueth. And I pray not only for them/ but also for thē that shall

beleue in me through theyr preachynges: so that all they may be one. Lyke as thou (father) arte in me & I in the/that they also maye be in vs/that the worlde may beleue that thou hast sent me. And the glorye whiche thou hast gyuen me/I gaue it them that they myght be one: lyke as we be one/I in them/and thou in me/that they may be made perfyte in one/and that the worlde maye know that thou hast sent me/and loued them as thou hast loued me. Father/they whome thou hast gyuē me I wyll that where I be/they may also be with me that they may se my glory which thou gauest me/for thou hast loued me before ỹ makynge of the worlde. Iuste father/the worlde knoweth the not: but I know the & these knowe that thou hast sent me and I haue made knowē vnto them thy name and I wyll make it knowē/ to the entent that the loue wherwith thou louest me myght be in them/and I in them.

¶ The prayer of the Church for synners.

Sapientie. The. xv. Chapiter.

Tu autem deus noster suauis es & verus es.

THou our god arte gentyll & true/pacyent and with mercy ordeynge all thynges. For yf we synne/we be thyne knowynge thy greatnes/& yf we synne not/we knowe that with the we be reckened. For to know the is perfyte & consummate ryghtewysnes/and to knowe thy iustyte and vertue is the rote of im-

mortalyte. So be it.

¶ The prayer and dyssynge of Iob in his moost tribulacyon and takynge away of his goodes. Job. 1. Chapiter.

In tonso capite corruens in terram.

IOb (his heade clypped) fallynge flatte on the grounde worshypped god sayeng. Naked I entred out of my mothers wombe/ and naked I shall returne. The lorde hath gyue the goodes/ and the lorde hath taken them away. As it pleased the lorde so it is done. Blessed be the name of the lorde. So be it.

¶ Whē we be skorged of god eyther for our synnes or that we may be pued by hym/ the prayer of Tobie. iii. Chapiter.

Iustus es domine/ et omnia iudicia tua.

THou arthe iuste lorde/ and all thy iudgementes are true/ & all thy wayes mercy truth and iustyce. And now lorde remembre me and take not vengeaunce of my synnes/ nor thynke not on my offences/ nor the synnes of my parentes. Wyeause we haue not obeyed thy precepts therfore thou hast delyuered vs by in to these empiles/ in to confusyon & reproche and to be a fable to al people and the gentiles. And now lorde great be thy

iudgementes/for we haue not done accordynge
to that preceptes/and we haue not walked pure
ly before the. And now lorde: accordynge to thy
pleasure do with me/and cheyfly receyue my spy
rite in peace/for it is better for me to dye/ then
to lyue.

¶ Another prayer of Hieremye the
prophet. Vicx. the. xvith. Chap.

Sana me domine et sanabor.

Hale me good lorde and I
shal be healed saue me and
I shall be saued/for my prayse ar
te thou. Be not thou a feare vn-
to me/ my hope art thou in the
day of affliccyon/let them be con
founded that persue me/ and let
not me be confounded/let the fea
re/ad let not me feare put on the
the day of affliccyon/ and with double trouble/
trouble them.

¶ Finis.

¶ The contentes of this boke.

Here ſuth an Almanache for .xxxiij. yeres
¶ The kalender.
¶ A rule to know Eaſter for euer.
¶ The dayes of the weke moralyſed.
¶ The .x. commaundementes of god geuen by
Moyſes and expounded by Chriſte.
¶ The ſymbole or Crede of the great doctoure
Athanaſius called. Quicunq; vult.
¶ The office of all eſtates.
¶ A preface.
¶ The foure goſpels of the foure Euangelyſtes.
¶ The paſſyon of Chriſt egreſſus etc.
¶ The Pater noſter/ & the Aue maria. I Engliſh.
¶ The .xij. articles of the fayth.
¶ The duety of a Chriſten man.
¶ Auctiatrix.
¶ The maryns of our Lady.
¶ The houres.
¶ The ſeuen ſonges.
¶ The Complyne.
¶ The ſyxtene Odes.
¶ The ſeuen Pſalmes/ with the Letany.
¶ A prayer for remyſſyon of ſynnes.
¶ A prayer for the churche.
¶ A pray for Charyte.
¶ A prayer for peace.
¶ A prayer for mercy.
¶ A prayer for ſoules departed.
¶ A prayer for the kynge.
¶ A prayer for all eſtates.
¶ A prayer for true repentaunce.

The table.

¶ The verses of sayne Bernarde.
¶ The Dirige/with the Commendacyons
¶ The psalmes of the Psalter.
¶ Sayne Hieromes psalter/with the lessons/memyngale/& lyghtyngcyons of them.
¶ A prayer of sayne Hierome.
¶ A prayer when thou shalte receyne the sacra-ment.
¶ A prayer when thou hast receyued it.
¶ Done ista.
¶ Condidit celi et terre.
¶ The prayers of Salomon/two for wysdome & one for a competent lyuynge.
¶ A prayer of the churche of the faythfull/for the worde of god.
¶ A prayer of Chryste before his passyon.
¶ A prayer of the Churche for synners.
¶ The prayer & blyssynge of Iob in his moost tri-bulacyons.
¶ A prayer of Iobie when we be scourged.
¶ A prayer of Hieremye the prophet.

¶ Thus endeth the Prymer in Englysshe after the vse of Salysbury/ dilygently corrected & newly imprynted at Rowen by Nycholas le Roux for Franchoys Regnault. M.D.xxv.